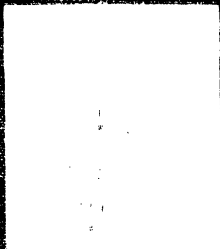


A

841.356

TAKING MANILA
OR IN THE
PHILIPPINES
WITH DEWEY



PROPERTY OF

*The
University of
Michigan
Libraries*

, 1817

ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS





TAKING MANILA

OR

IN THE PHILIPPINES WITH DEWEY

GIVING THE LIFE AND EXPLOITS OF

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY, U. S. N.

BY

HENRY L. WILLIAMS



NEW YORK :
HURST & COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS.

COPYRIGHT, 1899,
BY
THOMAS D. HURST.

THE LIFE AND CAREER OF ADMIRAL DEWEY.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THE PLANT MAY BE SEEN IN THE GERM.—ESTIMABLE FORERUNNERS.—BOYISH SCAPES AND SCRAPES.—THE SCHOOL REVOLT AND THE NOBLE APOLOGY.

THERE is an old saying, and it is often true, that "As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined." It is always interesting, therefore, to trace back the forerunners of a great man, just to see if there were tokens of the future in the past members of a race.

Without attaching the weight to a family line which is done in the Old World, where entailed property causes a pedigree to be of value, the Dewey family have reason to be proud, in a really American way, of their ancestry.

If they want to boast of "blue blood," that is, knightly or royal, the genealogists claim that the first Dewey (the name is variously given, but was something like De Ueuea, probably De Vevay) won fame in attendance on Charlemagne, or Karl the Great, if not that little King Pepin, whose bravery

gave a significance to the word "pippin," in the sense in which boys use it to this day.

Be this as it may, the first spelling of the name in English documents is "Duee."

The wearer was one Thomas Duee, who left England to make a home in the Colonies in the middle of the seventeenth century, and became known as "Dewey the Settler" from the thriving of his family in the land wrested from the savages of New England.

In the summer of 1633, Thomas Dewey was living in Boston, where he was working to obtain a land grant, as, like most of the Dissenters (those who dissented from the State Religion of England), he sought to dwell afar in the wilds, rather than be within possible reach of the annoyances bristling against foes of the Established Church. The Massachusetts Colony sold him a tract in Dorchester, in December of the following year, and as he had a clear idea of the capability of growth in the virgin territory, he added another portion to it in July, 1635.

To go upon the location, he had to cut his way through the primeval forests of maple, pine and oak, and with the felled and hewn logs, build such a cabin as one now sees, in that region, in pictures alone.

The musket went besides the ax, for the natives did not always confirm the decrees of the Land Court of the Colony, and they had a sweet tooth which did not disdain the English fruit and vegetables struggling with the luxuriant wild weeds in the garden patch as if all nature resented the 'cross-sea intruders' coming.

Thomas's immediate descendants bear those Scriptural names which alone would tell of the Puritanical strain : Mercy, Mehitable, Simeon, Hephzibah, etc.

Being beset by that fever of change causing the "Bostons," as the Indians nicknamed the Yankees, to permeate the whole of the Americas, Thomas had scarcely more than cleared his lots, before he wanted to dispose of them, and he is next found in the Colony of Connecticut, where, at Windsor, he found a site more to his taste than that at Dorchester, of which he relieved himself to one of the Jones family. In this transfer he simply puts down his mark. It appears that a mark was not always a proof of lack of letters, as old documents were reckoned valid even if the signer only used his family crest and motto, and the attesting clerk wrote his initials. Dewey might have used a proud one, for he had an eminent French general among forbears, and the house motto is: "To the Conqueror the Crown!"

The Dorchester land amounted to thirty acres, cleared of the woods so as to be pasture, which stands for a good piece of ax-work and stump-pulling. Besides, the American woodsman's ax was not invented then, and to hew a tree down with a broad-ax was decidedly hard labor.

His son, Thomas, showed the valor of the blood; he was a cornet of horse in the war against the Indian chief, called, grandly, "King" Philip. His tomb was to be seen at Westfield, Mass. His son Samuel was a soldier in the regular corps defending Westfield and the neighborhood, in 1725. Other Deweys appear in the front in all the military affairs which kept the farmers inured to weapons of war and fitted them not inadequately to cope with the French or the British and their German hirelings during the troubles of the Colonies and the Revolution.

The Paladins of Pepin and the Chevaliers of Charlemagne have no cause to blush, unless with pride,

if they should know of their descendants' behavior as "Green Mountain Boys" and "Minute Men."

Cradled in the Bay State, the rising Deweys soon spread their wings for a wider range. In 1761, a party of explorers obtained a land grant from the Governor of New Hampshire to locate in the Green Mountain State. They belonged to Massachusetts and Connecticut. The place had been surveyed, after a rough way, some ten years before, and so the road—what a road!—was indicated by cutting off slices of the tree bark so that the inner white showed up clearly, being the "blazes," often alluded to as "signs" in early rustic story. Thus the immigrants, riding horses—for no vehicles could traverse the wilderness—reached what is since Bennington. The town was then in suspense, having been ten years waiting to fulfil the grant for fifty families to make a town, when a fair could be held and a market. Education and religion went hand in hand with the Puritans, for one lot of the sixty odd was devoted to the school, and another to the minister. Now this minister was Jedediah Dewey, the source of the Vermont Deweys.

(Another branch, be it mentioned by the way, plunged still farther into the "strange countrie," and settled in New York.)

The traits of these heads of families are independence, that acute and alert mental arithmetic which distinguishes "lightning calculators," and the New Englanders in particular, and choice of friends and those more intimate still, without regard to kin or clan.

Simeon Dewey was born in 1770; he was grandfather of our subject. He was of New Hampshire, belonging to Hanover; but, when a young man, bought a homestead at Berlin, a few miles from Montpelier ("On the Onion," as we used to chant in

our geographical lessons, before the folks there became nice and took the vulgar name from the river and bestowed that of its confluent, the Winooski, on the two streams). His son, the admiral's father, was born here, in 1801. His mother was Pauline Temons, and the latter name becomes the middle one for Dr. Julius T. Dewey.

Simeon was dubbed "the Captain." He was exceedingly hale and long-lived, like the old iron-sided settlers' stock.

When the admiral's brother was visiting England, not so long ago, he overheard, in company, a gentleman who derived his impression of Americans from the type in the comic press, that is to say, a sort of Lincoln and Sam Slick, tall, ungainly, sallow, hollow-cheeked, and consumptive :

"These 'cornstalks' die early because they try to live on ice-water and fried pork !"

Mr. Charles Dewey could not let this pass. He rose to thank the slanderer for explaining the mystery of his (Dewey's) grandfather having been cut off untimely at four score and eighteen by too much ice-water and fried pork, to which dainties the old pioneer had been addicted from childhood !

Dewey's father was made happy by his son, the hero, being born to him on the day after Christmas, in 1837. George was a robust, sturdy child, not at all after the pattern of the elongated Yankee fed on ice-water and scrapple.

The birthplace cottage—utterly unlike the "cottages" which are villas, to be seen in the Green Mountains nowadays—has not only been made modern, but removed from its old site where it stood opposite the Capitol building, to another spot down the street.

When our hero was a boy, the Onion River ran close behind the dwelling, which naturally attracted

the youth, and was the scene of his aquatic adventures.

A younger sister was at the first his companion in sports, which comprised fishing and "scow"-ing on the water.

George became the best swimmer in the town, an accomplishment which the critics were too much inlanders to censure, for it was an article of faith among the old-time mariners that a seaman should not know how to swim, so that nothing should induce him to leave a ship going down while it was likely that clinging to her would serve to keep her longer afloat.

Dr. Dewey was a great favorite in the town, being of the new school opposed to the blunt, rough Dr. Abernethy's. The Deweys have always been leaders in the society of Montpelier, and the doctor was especially so. Versed in music and poetry, with a library not all of scientific works, he was one of those ministrants of medicine whose smile and address helped to banish sharp malady as well as dull care. In his leisure, if a country practitioner can be said to have leisure, he built up an insurance company which prospers after his quitting the helm, in 1877.

Besides the course of the regular physician, as is allowable in a country town, the doctor was a dentist.

One day, as George was playing before the house with a mate (who relates the following occurrence), a woman came up and alighted from a buggy. By her agonized expression and the swollen cheek done up in the gorgeous bandana handkerchief, held as a sign of a certain rank in those days, the boys surmised it was a patient. But when the neighbor's boy diagnosed the matter as "mumps," George demurred and more scientifically adjudged it to be an aching tooth.

The doctor came forth upon his son calling, and

as the woman, more faint with apprehension than even with her pain, sank on the nearest seat, namely, the doorway step, he hastened to save her from farther trouble by proposing to relieve her of the molar upon the spot. Besides, there was a better light in the broad day than indoors, while the street was at the moment—as it is at any hour when “the House is not sitting”—quiet and unpeopled.

Still, the patient was uneasy without a head-rest, such as the sharp-edged doorpost badly afforded. The doctor called the boy playmate to the aid, stationing him so as to support the patient's head, with his hands holding it between them. The fashionable extracting instrument at the period was a sort of turning-key, the sight of which usually paralyzed the victim into calm; but, on this occasion, whatever the sight of it did, the first turn and wrench drew from her, not the tooth, but a scream which echoed up and down the elm-lined street and died away in the Capitol corridor with mournful echoes in the granite niche where stands the colossal statue of Ethan Allen.

The poor youth, who had never heard such an outcry except in dreams of the Pequots and Algonquins, was shaken with horror, and dropping the woman's head and all ideas of duty, fled up the street, vaulting over the white picket fence rather than delay to find the gate.

Not so his companion, who might be thrilled but not set to flight by a simple yell. He flew to the woman's side, caught the sinking head “on the bounce,” and replaced the fugitive so quickly and to the better that his father was enabled to finish the operation with his wonted success awaiting such affairs.

When next the two playfellows met, George rather sneered at one who had proved delinquent for so

little, since, he propounded, a woman's screams could not hurt. Alas! when he was older, he must have read that shrieks of the gentler sex have undone worlds, as witness those of Thais, Cassandra and Lucretia.

The cycle of sports for juveniles at Montpelier is limited. At that time, with that zest for fruit in other folk's gardens, so far the sweeter than those growing under our own outlook, of course, the young Green Mountain boys went "*hooking* apples." They did not disdain cherries, and those peaches which resist the terrible black frosts of New England. Tradition has it that George was the leader in this game of "dare-devil," otherwise, "follow-my-leader."

But boys will be boys, and these freaks, which would be held as infringing on the statutes against purloining, do not count against those who take in sport and not for gain; besides, much is to be forgiven in a future hero. These flights were no more marked with black than young Clive's, afterwards Viceroy of the East Indies, climbing his village church-steeple.

In the summer, too, were those wondrous strolls, with the proviso that whoever first suggested a return should suffer the kicks of the rest of the party! But George's earlier wanderings were in the company of the young sister referred to, with whom they surmounted what hills were Alps to them, and peered into crevices in whose black depths, no doubt, they fancied to see wolves like Old Put's.

In his scant library were the inevitable "*Robinson Crusoe*" and a *Life of Hannibal*. It was to outdo the *Lonely Man of the Ocean* and the enemy of Rome that his dashes into the outer zone around home were projected.

But if the rustic sports at summer-tide are re-

stricted, it is different with those of winter in the North.

The snow piles up in the erst verdant vales and the rivers run under thickest ice.

It is stated that the daring couple ended one attempt to cross their Alps in a snow-drift; when the children were rescued, Mary had such an unromantic cold that she was a week in bed, though the hardier little Carthaginian escaped, as the ring-leaders often do while the followers are less lucky.

At the close of winter occurs in this region the great spectacle of the breaking up of the frost-bound rivers. The ice-gorges blow up, the natural dams burst, the firm surface, over which an artillery train might have passed at a gallop, becomes "pumpy," or leathery, and only a snow-bird would, one thinks, care to flit along the treacherous skin.

This is the very time, because it is fraught with dangers, and death walks by the side like a misguarding angel, when the Vermont youth disport on the shivered slabs of ice and attempt passages to which are mere everyday affairs such glacial crossings as Washington's over the Delaware and Napoleon over the Beresina.

After the rivers, the Onion and its main tributary at Montpelier, force the splintered ice blocks to leave the town clear and dam up the stream at a point half a dozen miles below, it was the amusement—and may still be so—to mount a floating fragment and sail down to land, more or less in jeopardy all the course, on this hazardous resting-place—for at any moment this temporary barrier might give way and proceed on its ultimate "fast, winding way to the sea."

The smaller the cake, the more grand the feat, so it is reckoned in this Feat of the American Fjords; therefore, the adventurer who managed to keep his

footing on a base so small that his weight more or less deeply submerged it, would take the palm. Dewey, already favorite of the river-gods, and to be that of the oceanic divinity, was foremost in these Arctic jousts and tilts. He above all could balance on the merest pedestal, navigate it amidst other bergs, neither let one piece slide upon his and submerge it, or another under-ride and capsize him; he would dodge a bridge pediment and shoot a rapid at a pier, steer from eddies where the unfortunate were stayed and spun round and round until their heads also swam; he would execute curves around short bends and in and out of "hooks," which were the terrors of the year's talk to his comrades.

But, at least once, the water turned upon him and he retired, for the first and only time, defeated.

This was in the summer, when he was a little more than eleven. He had a chum with him, for he has always been attended by a faithful companion, which shows what a sociable heart is in this indomitable son of Neptune. They set out in the family buggy, which was so well known throughout the section from bearing the doctor on his errands of aid. The pair were supposed to go "after the cows," that diurnal task at which many a New England lad has revolted and urged as ample cause of his running away to sea! But the rain had fallen torrentuously and swollen a creek into a vast volume at which Redfield, the associate, shrank without reason to blame him. He would have advised a return trip, but he knew too well how headstrong was his companion. Indeed, George just gathered up the reins and put old Dobbin to the rush at the ford, like Alexander riding Bucephalus into the Granious.

At the first plunge, the steed lost footing and the weight of the boys separated the body of the carriage

from the axle. Foreseeing some such disaster, the passengers had sprung out forward and clung to the back and neck of the animal, prudently already turning for the shore, while the upper-works of the buggy were hurried away. The boys, limp as their wet rags, reached home cold and shivering. Redfield dropped off and slunk into his house, while the other got home after dark, without saying a word about cows or vehicle. For a wonder he refused supper and took advantage of his father being absent on a professional engagement to ensconce himself between the sheets in his own bedroom.

This disappearance, and the unusual disrespect to the evening meal, to say nothing of Dobbin's having mysteriously dispensed with his equipage, excited the doctor's fears when he arrived home; he ran up to question his son, but from the other side of the prudently fastened door, the boy, pretending to be awakened when reproached with his rashness, of which Redfield had given an inkling, ingeniously replied :

"Some fathers would be glad their boy was spared !"

Dewey, *Pater*, decided that it was time that school should open its portals for the future Nelson of America. Home rearing and a boy's circumscribed library do not amply fit a youth for the wide world. But it was an evil hour for learning. The county grammar school was apparently spoiled by the inability to obtain a Dr. Arnold, a Dwight or any one to draw out the ingots from the dross rather than separate the knob of pure gold which had little needed the flame and the crucible. In a word, the school had sunk to a low stage. The teacher appointed about the time when Dewey was to be tried was one Zenas K. Pangborn, who lives to this day not merely to tell of the following career-forming

event, but to be foremost to greet his eminent pupil as he received the national welcome.

Mr. Pangborn, graduating from a college, was struck with amaze at the absence of order in the school assigned to his book and rod. The fault with the intermediate schools of that period was the want of a proper outlet: most of the boys were required to assist their parents at the plow, the counter or the work-bench, so that parents and pupils felt that high finish to their useful training was over the head of their destination. A normal school might have taken the percentage who should have finished in the higher courses and have been put in positions the better to serve the city, their state and the country.

Mr. Pangborn hoped to redeem the ills, and, to begin with, studied the pupils. They were in a condition of insubordination which cruelty and domineering had incited and ignorance and lack of sympathy with the seething youth had fostered. In all the ceaseless rebellion, aimed at authority merely because it was uppermost, George Dewey was foremost, the crest on the wave.

Mr. Pangborn was warned that several of his foregoers had been forced to quit by reason of the overbearing acts of this stripling, one whose frank, hearty and manly mien inspired good-will in any one truly a guide for rising spirits.

It was plain that unless he, the teacher, were also to resign, the post would be one of misery to the newcomer. So Mr. Pangborn promptly resolved to seize the first emergency and crush all opposition to authority once and forever.

Scholars are apt to test the humor of a pedagogue by decoying him into joining in their sports, notably, "knuckle-all-over," a sort of free-for-all game with a ball, which is to be thrown by the holder at any

one whom he chooses to make his mark. Now, if the schoolmaster finds, as soon as he will, that he is almost continually the target, he has but two courses—to stop the game and acknowledge he is no master at so one-sided a pastime, or to get the ball as often as he can and “fire” it with his superior strength to give the boys the worst of it.

The Dewey battalion did not try the base-ball but one of the pure and innocent snow, familiar in winter. Snow did not suffice them, but they must need saturate the same in water, which, freezing, makes the missile about as hard as a cannon-ball.

On seeing this unfairness, which portended something more than common prejudice, the schoolmaster called a truce, but it was only to have the return charge more in his own domain, and with his own professional weapons.

He had not long to wait the second bout.

George, on being taken to task for an offense, answered with an expression bordering on profanity in a schoolroom, and certainly disrespectful. He was immediately commanded to offer an apology to teacher and class, and promise to behave properly in the future or receive a thrashing.

This was the era when the rattan had displaced the birch and the cat, and was itself jostled aside by the truly native cowhide, which hung at the wrist of Mr. Pangborn.

The rebel looked at the speaker and concluded that he was not so bad a match for a little man of less than a hundred-weight; he impudently repeated his offensive phrase instead of withdrawing and making amends. This was a “standing to his guns,” which the boys applauded in a murmur rather than a shout, for all felt that a crisis had come.

The crisis descended instantly upon the attractor

of the thunderbolt, for the "little" disciplinarian was upon him, seizing his arm and brandishing the whip.

To use the principal's own words :

"The next instant, I and that rawhide were winding and tossing around Dewey like the fire of one of those warships which have made his name famous the world over. I was little and slender, but so also was the rawhide, and the two of us so demoralized Dewey that almost before I was aware of it, he was lying in a heap on the floor. He was bleeding from a wound in the hand, and whimpering as any boy would on receiving so tremendous a thrashing. He was conquered, while I glared over his prostrate form at the other rebellious spirits in the school."

Well, these schoolmates adored their chief. Their surprise at his being thrown down was so extreme that they were motionless for a while. But, on recovering, half a dozen of them rushed down the row of desks, with blood in their eyes. However, that of their ill-treated Mentor was also up to boiling. Pangborn was by the pile of firewood (built, as you know, with the contributions of the parents of pupils and brought by armsful each morning as part payment of their tuition). Seizing one billet, he brought it down on the head of the first comer and felled him so that he became a bar to the advance of the rest, who, however, paused.

The victorious master bade them take their seats, and as they did so, the revolt was quelled.

As soon as damages were repaired, Dewey was ordered home, but straightway followed by Pangborn and the boys, as witnesses and curious lookers-on.

Dr. Dewey took the heads of this curious procession into his parlor and heard the tale, besides professionally examining the weals on his son. He

was a just man, for he considered that he had been meetly punished, and it was intimated that if he thought he was not fully done by, he, the sire, would make up the missing stripes. The next day, when the scholars expected a "scene" after the former event, George gravely walked up to the master and handsomely said :

"Father and I have talked the matter over. We both have come to the conclusion that you did exactly right. I thank you for it."

The trouble was all over and schoolmaster and pupil became fast friends. When the conqueror of the Dons came up New York harbor in his warship, Pangborn pulled the lock of one of the cannon of Jersey which saluted the idol of the multitudes.

It is said that "there is no gamekeeper so good as the reformed poacher." After this "taking down" as the bully of the school George became the repressor of the would-be tyrants of the class-room and playground. It is a matter of record that, while at his school, he now aided the cause of order ; his moral strength increased to vie with his courage and physical prowess. Above all, he had learned that valuable maxim : Tell the truth, though it tells against you !

For some years this pleasant relation existed, and who can doubt that it was the turning-point for the aspiring youth ?

His range of reading widened under this tutelage ; and his expanding mind found recreation in theatricals. He had built a miniature stage in the house, and, with his sister before mentioned, acted the minor drama. The manager was chief actor, author, stage-director and the like, and his solitary "star" lady had to play all the female parts, often at short notice.

One time, her inability to learn her lines in that

brief interval popularly called "less than no time," was so glaring that she pleaded for a putting off of the play. But Manager Dewey, sorry that he could not oblige but characteristically determined "not to disappoint the public," assured her that he had a way out of it. Whenever she was at a loss for a word—"stuck," in the vernacular—he would cover the gap.

Thus assured, she proceeded with her part. At the first breakdown, George fired off a pistol, and her stammering passed uncriticized in the smoke. This sort of piece, fiery words and mock thunder, might have gone on for a long run, but that the neighbors, hearing too much of this miniature Vesuvius, protested to the head of the household, and the truly sensational drama was suppressed.

The Thespians were reduced to parodies on the circus, waxworks and concerts, for the future.

But the day soon came for more serious business. George, having profited by not only the first but the after lessons of Mr. Pangborn during several years, was sent, in 1851, to Northfield, Vt., where he was to be trained for entrance into West Point, at a noted military academy called the "Norwich."

Here he almost instantly leaped into popularity akin to that he had enjoyed at Montpelier.

Brimming with animal spirits, he was the leader in those diversions which beguile college tedium, and are winked at by the superiors within certain limits, as they allow the release of superfluous ardor.

He became "captain" of a company, and as such made a mark in a noted "brush" with the Dartmouth College students.

He was seventeen when he quitted the military college, without having taken a strong liking for that branch of the United Services, for the other ex-

trema: the Naval Academy at Annapolis. The predestined American Nelson was not to be a Wellington, that was clear.

The trial for this cadetship lay between him and a gentleman who failed to pass the physical test and became a minister in the Church, while Dewey, thus befriended by chance, entered the career of which he was intended to be one of the brightest ornaments.

CHAPTER II.

IN PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR.—A PRICELESS AUTOGRAPH.—IN “THE MIDDLE SEA.”—THE ACCOMPLISHED PARROT.—THE ALARUM OF WAR!

ANNAPOLIS is the meet seat of nurture for man to be wedded to the Sea. On every hand, memorials of one kind or another remind of the lives to be imitated of Paul Jones, Preble, Perry, Decatur, and the later wielders of the cutlass and saber. Models of vessels, paintings of naval actions, never to be effaced from history's tablets, adorn the walls, and implements of war, perhaps more or less obsolete, decorate the grounds where nervous candidates paced, the sword bare, while awaiting the decision making or marring the emulator of Hull, Foote or Farragut.

Dewey had no sooner set foot on this sacred ground, where no hostile hand had been raised since the British burned Old Washington, than he must have felt that he had acted rightly in choosing the maritime branch of the dual armed service.

But at this moment there was more stir about than befitted a seminary for study of naval cipher, artillery signaling at sea and aquatic maneuvers.

Those ancient traditions of academies which favor

practical jokes, mock secret societies, "hazing," horse-play, and the like, were still current. The senior officers were of the type read of in Marryatt's and Cheever's stories, and thought honestly that no boy would turn out fit for the sea without a long ordeal of rough sport. Hard knocks, scant fare, harsh usage—these were all items in the regular program of "Jack's play." This has been altered, but only recently. "Hazing" still lingers, though evidently doomed to go out with salt junk, rope's-endings, keel-hauling and such barbarities.

Therefore, although young Dewey bore generally the reputation of a quiet, steady, amiable, even an ordinary cadet, his bellicose temper was often drawn upon, and several fights stand to his account. Colonel James Morgan, a contemporary, says:

"In his class in the Naval Academy Dewey was always at the top of everything, except his studies. He was a splendid athlete, a boxer and a fencer. One thing he hated like the Arch-Enemy hates holy water was a bully. Though far from being quarrelsome himself, he would hunt a fight with any fellow who attempted to impose upon his inferiors in physical strength. Any town boy who developed a reputation as a bully was sure to fall foul of George Dewey, and to get a licking, too. I don't think he was ever beaten in a fight."

The Irrepressible Conflict was then in fomentation. As happened at the brother nursing-place of our future heroes—West Point—Annapolis had its two camps, as was the case all over "My Maryland." Some of the youths, feeling on sympathetic ground, flaunted the cause of Secession constantly before the other party, and all those taunts which have happily been entombed in congenial dust flew about like motes in the sun.

Dewey, however, was not the one to chafe at

words ; it is a trait of the Anglo-Saxon that, above all races, he can endure that galling attack of pigmy darts called "chaff," or banter. The aim in this dubious sport is to say all calculated to goad a wearer to fury, and then calmly propose his shaking hands over it and letting it pass as mere fun. Hence, George heard with unruffled front such epithets as "Yankee," "dough-face," "mudsill," etc. But when it came to booby-traps, rulers and inkstands hurled in the dark, "apple-pie" beds and the rest of the instruments of college torture, he called a halt. The result of the sudden halt was that the chief tormentor ran up against his victim's fist and rose demoralized.

A blow was a fearful thing to the young bloods of the 'Sixties : the unavoidable outcome among those who wore swords, and were exercised in the use of them, was a duel.

Fortunately a cooler head let the officer of the day into the current of what was being arranged, and the proposed encounter with small-swords was nipped in the bud.

Although not remarkable for his studies except in seamanship and gunnery, which are not, by the way, non-essentials in a naval officer's outfit, Cadet George passed fifth in a set of fourteen, the survivors of an original class of sixty-five. The graduation dates in 1858.

The little exuberances of animal spirits were not set down against him : the professors know that the cord which binds too tightly snaps of itself.

The new-fledged officer always retained a warm memory of his Alma Mater. The University Club building on Fifth Avenue, New York, is adorned on the front with marble medallions representing the arms of the national services, and one bears the crest of the Naval Academy. The committee of the

Annapolis Alumni directed the chairman, Commander —, to write to all the past members for contributions, and, of course, Dewey was preeminently included. He was, then, the Admiral.

The commander wrote, apprising him of the scheme, and intimating that the admiral's assessment was six dollars and some odd cents. The admiral sent a letter by return mail with his check for ten dollars enclosed. Commander — opened this letter in the smoking-room of the Club one evening and, as there were several Annapolis men present, he read it aloud. There was the most respectful silence until the reader came to the passage: "I enclose my check for ten dollars which," etc., when some one broke in with:

"Say, I'll give you fifty for that check!"

"Fifty nothings! I'll give you a hundred!"

"Hundred 'n' fifty!"

"Two hundred!" "Three hundred!" "Four hundred!"

The commander put the check in his pocket, as an invaluable autograph.

Just as the movements of swimming can be learned on the driest of dry land, so may naval evolutions be studied with a toy ship on a table, for landsmen have devised excellent plans of operation for fleets in battle; Napoleon the Great, though emphatically no lover of the sea, astonished the English ship officers, when he was conducted by them to St. Helena, by solving the most complicated problems of navigation.

The Academy not only equips the student for his profession, but smooths the way for his putting the learning into practise on the high seas.

In consequence, our young disciple was placed on Captain Barren's flag-ship in our Mediterranean squadron, and there sailed to and fro during the years 1857 and '58.

It was a dream of the Yankee youth realized, and yet in that poetical atmosphere vision seemed yet to behold a dream. But if that "sea of blue" is the theater of the bards, it is also the field of naval battles. Here the living lighthouse of *Ætna* illumined the wake of the Roman galleys hasting to destroy Carthage, just as, years after, the purest of moons and the brightest of stars lit up the conflicts of pirates,—sallying out of Tunisian and Tripolitan ports, dens of the sea-snakes, and true descendants of Hamilcar and Hannibal—with all Christendom—nay, all humankind, which their outrages had turned against them. Severally, their pestilent feluccas were assailed by the French, the Spanish, the English and the Americans. Our young officer knew by heart how forbears of his classmates had figured with Decatur at the singeing of the Dey's beard!

The tricolor of France floated from Algerian forts now, but it had taken centuries to avenge the defeat of Henry of Navarre's son, on yon yellow and glaring plains. Those bleary and horizonless views inspired the poem which is Dewey's favorite:

"The pilgrim and stranger, who through the day
Holds over the desert his trackless way."

Here frowns the Keeper of "the Great Sea" of Scripture: Gibraltar, the Impregnable Fortress which, however, the English took in 1704, and continue to hold, having made it truly impregnable this time—a constant taunt in the teeth of the Spaniards who lost it.

Here, crossed the Crusaders to take Acre, after years of siege and the loss of 300,000 men; there, Napoleon's Army of Egypt was beaten by Sir Sydney Smith and his fancy of being a Sultan of the Land of the Sphynx annihilated as by the simoom.

Yonder, the Republic of Venice rose and fell; at

that spot, the Colossus of Rhodes caught the dazzling morning sun over the African desert and Jason steered Argo amid the Scyllas and Charybdi.

Upon those rocks waved the emblems of the Knights of Malta; and renegades led the Turks to their own birthplaces to rive away their own renounced kindred to be slaves in the Dey's gardens.

Little did the young captain imagine, however high his ambition—although he

“Gazed aloft upon the star that heroes glory in,
And sometimes deemed it not too far for even him to win!”

Little could he imagine that, one day, he would sail in his own flag-ship past these monuments and be a welcome guest in all the ports, saving the Spanish!

He had also some acquaintance with another sea, while on the South American Station, where he had occasion to evince this presence of mind and imperturbation.

Like a good many ship captains whose grandeur compels them to lead a life reserved from their officers, his captain had found companionship in a parrot of great beauty and endearing ways, if it were not remarkable as a linguist.

Being much worried about its health, he asked the ship's doctor to prescribe, and the latter expressed the opinion that all the bird needed was a chance to climb into the green trees on shore, chew bark, and disport itself.

So the captain summoned his steward and bade him take the parrot ashore and give it some exercise. The captain's steward was an important person then. This one was a conceited old ducky, who aped absurdly the authoritative ways of his master, and the men were always on the lookout for a chance to play him some trick. When he stepped to the port gangway to get into the liberty boat, with the cage

containing the bird enclosed in an old ammunition bag, they saw their opportunity. There was a sea running in the harbor, which made it difficult for the boat to keep alongside, and just as the steward put out a foot toward the gunwale, they purposely eased her off, so that he tumbled into the sea. He was pulled out in a minute, but the parrot and the cage went to the bottom.

The steward was distressed. He dreaded punishment by the captain, who had said that he would hold him responsible for the safety of the bird. Having shore-leave for three days, he spent his time wandering about the city and figuring to himself how he would put in the balance of the voyage in the ship's brig, on bread and water, double-ironed, and exposed to the derision of the crew. At length he was prompted by one of his kind officers, to whom he applied in his quandary, and whose name need not be mentioned, with a brilliant idea.

Rio was full of parrots, and one parrot is much like another, especially green ones. He bought, for seventy-five cents, a green bird with a yellow head which looked to him like the twin brother of the one drowned. He was also lucky enough to find a cage like the lost one, and in it took his precious purchase back to the frigate.

Now (as Dewey tells the story), the captain was delighted to see his pet once more, and especially to see how much its plumage was improved and how much more sprightly it had become. But his astonishment may be imagined when, being asked whether it would like a cracker, the bird responded with a string of Portuguese profanity. Being fed, it expressed its satisfaction with a lot of ugly words in Spanish, and this so amazed the commander that he felt obliged to share his feelings with somebody. Lieutenant Dewey, who had been walking the quarter-

deck, was summoned to the cabin, and the parrot was persuaded to utter some more inelegancies for his benefit.

“Mr. Dewey,” said the captain excitedly, “that is a most remarkable bird. He has been ashore only three days, and in that time, upon my sacred honor, he has picked up a thorough working knowledge of the Spanish and Portuguese languages.”

Those who remember the accomplished tasks of the old school of soldiers, the Murats, Neys, Bernadottes, Moreaus, who were flung as boys into the whirl of the most active warfare, and were captains at twenty, look a little scoffingly at the elaborate preparation demanded by the modern profession of arms: everything has changed, from the tactics to the weapons. No one now plans fighting at close quarters, with Gatling guns and repeating rifles; an officer may, like “Chinese” Gordon, have as little use for the cane which he carries instead of a sword, as the steel itself; the officer who directs the discharge of a gun carrying twelve or more miles has no need of the telescope which sufficed for a Wellington—he must be drilled in science and use a range-finder.

So the cadet’s technical and scientific apprenticeship was absolutely necessary to his future, as we know. Havelock was over thirty years waiting for his opportunity to become the Deliverer of the besieged British in India.

When General Napier was Governor of Scinde, he wrote to a young ensign words which should be chiseled on a stone or brazen tablet on the walls of a military or naval academy:

“By reading professional books you will discover what is faulty in your corps, if faults there are; you will then learn how things ought to be, and will by daily observation see how they are. Thus you

can form comparisons which will in time teach you your profession.

“Keep up all knowledge that you have acquired, and gain as much more as you can. By reading you will be distinguished ; without it abilities are of little use. A man may talk and write, but he cannot learn his profession without constant study to prepare ; especially for the higher ranks, because there he wants the knowledge and experience of others improved by his own.

“But when in a post of responsibility he has no time to read, and if he comes to such a post with an empty skull, it is then too late to fill it, and he makes no figure. Thus many people fail to distinguish themselves and say they are unfortunate, which is untrue ; their own previous idleness has unfitted them to profit from fortune.

“The smith who has to look for his hammer when the iron is red strikes too late ; the hammer should be uplifted to fall like a thunderbolt while the white heat is in the metal. Thus will the forging prosper.”

The blade was duly tempered : George Dewey was made ready for the loftiest exploit of the ages.

In 1860, in accordance with the wise curriculum of our Naval Preparatory School, Dewey returned to his college to pass the examination to show how he had profited not only by his instruction there but by that even more important one upon the deep. This time he was no longer among “the four figures”—he led his compeers. Taking into consideration his previous rating, this triumphant return earned him the rank of Passed Midshipman and he was posted as Third in his class.

He could take a last stroll under the academical groves with the step of one who had the world as a football at his foot.

Before being called to duty—which seemed not to

be onerous, since America was apparently profoundly submerged in peace—he enjoyed a rest at the old homestead in Vermont.

But soon—

“The trumpet’s voice has roused the land!”

CHAPTER III.

ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—SHARKS FOND OF THE NAVY.
—THE FIERY ORDEAL.—GOING DOWN BY HIS
GUNS.—OFFICIAL PRAISE.—“STAND IN AND
WIN!”

SELDOM had befallen an aspirant to the Blue Ribbon of the Sea a finer opportunity.

In the spring of 1861 Fort Sumter had been fired upon by the Confederates massed at Charleston, S. C., and the first cannon-shot led the fusillade never ceasing to echo from the sea to the Mississippi and from the Potomac to the Gulf, until the last; that announcing to a world weary of slaughter the surrender of General Lee, at Appomattox Court-house, 1865.

However eagerly the youth of the fervid South adopted the desperate endeavor, the elder U. S. A. and Navy officers withdrew with the deepest regret from hallowed comradeships and carried a pang at the heart with them when they went to pledge allegiance to the new-born Stars and Bars.

This desertion in a body left a huge gap in the lists of officers, naval and military, and opened it to the cadets and scarcely “passed” pupils. To fill it up, all the budding Jasons were called to posts which might not have been earned in twenty years, and

some will recall with what avidity the appointments were received.

Oh, the first pair of epaulets—the first time a sword-sash is girded on!

Not more than a week had elapsed after the attack of Sumter before George Dewey, who was already entitled to the office of “master,” a sort of second-lieutenancy, now canceled, was sent, post-haste, his commission as lieutenant, and a berth was assigned to him simultaneously.

Convenient to him, as he was at home on a furlough, in Boston Harbor, was lying the steam sloop-of-war the *Mississippi*—name of augury!—under command of Captain Melancton Smith.

That was to be his floating abode for a time, his initiatory stage for nautical warfare.

She sailed without delay, as soon as her complement was totaled up—no one flinched from a call, be sure!—and was speedily in the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

There was a little idleness—if ever there may be idleness on a man-of-war when the captain is diligent! The time was spent in renewing old college reminiscences, getting the ropes by actual handling, and capping stories, mostly of the amusing blunders of “raw” seamen.

There was always a roar of laughter at the mistake of the gunner from Cape Cod, on board the *Bainbridge*, who was chasing a Confederate craft in the night—the chosen time for blockade-runners to pursue their vocation. This gunner saw a light and let fly at it. Nothing came of it and the light disappeared—it might be supposed that the shell had burst in the fugitive’s internals and sunk her forthwith. But an officer, acquainted with the locality, came down from aloft, whither he had mounted with his marine-glass, and solemnly said :

“We fired at the Morning Star!”

“O Lucifer—how hast thou fallen!” The morning star, in those latitudes, appears, at rising, scarce a moment above the waters, and then vanishes out of sight. The derided artillerist had unluckily caught poor Lucifer on the skip, but the cannon-ball had not touched the orb, only some millions of miles beyond the porthole!

While they were thus resting in Mobile Bay, Dewey was, as the junior officer of the watch, making the acquaintance of the crew, so far as an officer is allowed—or, better to say, encouraged—for he is loved best and can lead his men farthest who is properly known to them. All born leaders have had the art to be familiar without inspiring lack of respect.

He even chatted with that privileged ship's gossip, the “Doctor,” otherwise, the cook.

This was a superstitious old negro who had a morbid dread of sharks, which Dewey argued would never bite a human being.

One day Dewey was sent ashore in the ship's dingey on some trifling duty. He had on, as usual, a frock coat with very long tails, such as all naval officers wore in those days. In obedience to orders, he hurried back, the sloop being on the point of getting under weigh, and as he sat in the stern of the skiff, his coat tails trailed in the water. Just as the dingey was on the point of reaching the *Mississippi*, a shark rose to the surface—perhaps attracted by the gilt buttons on the coat tails aforesaid—and bit off the starboard side of the lieutenant's after uniform. Dewey jumped to his feet, and, well satisfied under the circumstances to relinquish his coat tails, ran up the side of the ship. The “Doctor,” who had viewed the proceedings from the rail of the vessel, approached him presently with a grin of the utmost width,

"Ah, ha!" he said, taking advantage of the familiarity customarily allowed him on board. "Perhaps, Massa Dewey, yo' b'lieve now dat sharks won't bite a pusson. Whar' yo' coat tail, eh?"

"My coat tail," replied the lieutenant, with his habitual coolness, "has been removed by an act of Providence."

At the opening of 1862, the ships of the West Gulf Blockading Squadron assembled around the flag-ship, the *Hartford*, on which Captain David Glasgow Farragut had raised his flag. The "Father of Waters" was the stronghold of the Confederacy of revolted states.

Having no sea-going fleet and no means of raising one, since the European powers could not sell without recognizing the Rebellion, a measure from which they wisely shrank without tempting such a lesson of warning as was given France anent Mexico, the Confederate States placed all reliance and hope on "the Backbone of the Rebellion," the mighty river which, fortified and always open to navigation, prevented the most successful land-general from expecting to win unless he could control it, not merely at its mouth but throughout its vast extent.

Nevertheless, to take the Delta at New Orleans required the capture of forts, much more formidable than those which General Jackson had directed when repulsing the British, and the river would have to be cleared of earthworks, flotillas, fireships and other obstacles all the way to Vicksburg, where the Union army was to be found awaiting the naval cooperation.

The American fleet sailed in January, but it was not until April, 1862, that the movement was made against the "Crescent City."

In the meantime, the ships were kept active,—large and small. There were expeditions in several

directions, destroying munitions, victuals and supplies for the city ; petty batteries along shore were leveled, batteries on the bluffs were shelled, the sugar and molasses factories were burnt and stores dumped into the river ; and turpentine and tar heaped into gorgeous bonfires lest the enemy used them for infernal machines ; one in particular being a fire-raft—an engine to which the Greek fire-ships and the Chinese explosive junks were simple annoyances.

All this added to Dewey's experience and he was ready as his shipmates when the order to advance was spread to the wind.

There was newness in the vessels to attack—gun-boats had been invented by the English to operate against Cronstadt in the Crimean War, and those which Constructor Eads launched might be considered experimental ; the Confederates had quickly borrowed the pattern. This year, 1862, saw also the noteworthy innovation of the floating, iron-shielded battery, of the *Merrimac* type, as well as its conqueror, the still more novel *Monitor*. The French had inaugurated these modern improvements on the ancient galleys, along whose sides, it will be seen, the warriors used to fasten their bucklers to clothe them with metal and leather against projectiles of their period.

Farragut's plan was to run by the forts in the dark ; but the enemy, by means of fires on the banks and rafts blazing with combustibles upon the muddy waters, prevented any such surprise. It was, therefore, compulsory to silence the forts of Chalmette, St. Philip and Jackson, these being about thirty miles above the heads of the passes.

It was early in the morning, though, when the vessels got under way to run the fiery gauntlet. The *Hartford*, leading the second division, opened her bow guns on Fort Jackson, receiving a heavy fire

from both forts. In attempting to avoid a fire-raft she grounded on a shoal near St. Philip, and at the same time the rebel ram *Manasses* pushed a blazing raft upon her port quarter, setting her on fire. The *Manasses* was named after a battlefield of the early stage of the War, which the Confederates esteemed their victory. While she backed into deep water her crew subdued the flames, her guns, meanwhile, pouring a steady fire into the enemy.

“There we were, my lad,
All afire on our port quarter !
Hammocks ablaze in the netting,
Flames spouting in at every port—
Our fourth cutter burning at the davit
(No chance to lower away and save it),
In a twinkling the flames had risen
Half way to maintop and mizzen,
Darting up the shrouds like snakes !
Ah, how we clanked at the brakes,
And the deep steam pump throbbed under,
Sending a ceaseless flow.”

With difficulty the *Hartford* turned against the current and continued on her way up the river, firing into the enemy's vessels as she passed. Among them was a “boarder” making straight for the flag. A shell from the *Hartford* exploded in her and she disappeared.

The *Mississippi* and the *Monongahela* had similar experiences.

Before daylight the victory was complete ; and the fleet, after reducing the Chalmette batteries three miles below New Orleans, proceeded directly to that city, whence the Confederate forces had already taken flight.

During the weeks immediately succeeding the capture of New Orleans the *Mississippi* resumed its efforts, with the other smaller craft, “to clear the river.”

The minor obstacles being swept away, the next series of difficulties was to be encountered.

It took three days to beat down these barriers ; it was on the 23d that the vessels could have a breathing-spell after this plunge into the furnace where wooden walls were consumed like wool and iron melted like lead in the smelting-pot.

Farragut had resolved to charge the next obstacle. It was a time to "strike or be struck," as the Great Napoleon said of a like situation.

This was Port Hudson, which, captured, would enable the American fleet to shut up the important Red River ; but not only were the preparations for repelling attacks admitted to be gigantic, but the hindrances to navigation, as readers of Mississippi pilot-lore will be sure, were enormous and terrible.

On March the 14th, 1863, the fleet gathered like war-birds, around the chief eagle, for Dewey's second big battle.

At dusk all was deep darkness save for a red lantern at the stern of the *Hartford* signifying the advance into battle.

It was very calm.

The vessels moved slowly but steadily, and on the rebel lookouts sighting the long phantom-like line, they sent up a rocket or two, and immediately the shore batteries began firing at the flag-ship. This was an hour before midnight. At first the ship-gunners had to take aim at the flashes of the shore guns which were hidden by the earthworks, but the smoke began to thicken in the stagnant air. Then this close vapor was split and streaked as the 13-inch shells whirled through magnificent showers of their own sparks, and bonfires sprang into splendor along the grand waterway ! Never since the great earthquake early in the century had these forests and

bluffs echoed to such a crash as when the larger vessels delivered a broadside.

After having been under fire over an hour, the leader ran ahead and anchored up-stream beyond range, having lost little in men but being seriously damaged. Those of her escort able to get away dropped down the river to recuperate.

Dewey's ship was not among the fortunate.

At half-after eleven, in the fog, smoke and gloom, the general attack being in full force, the *Essex* dropped down the river, and being taken for hostile by the *Mississippi*, would have been demolished by her broadside, but it was withheld by a miracle of instinct rather than actual perception. The *Mississippi*, as third in the order of battle, was to keep touch, so to say, with the *Monongahela*, which was shrouded in the obscurity. So Dewey's ship was going ahead fast, arriving at the heaviest and fiercest of the shore works, when she touched bottom and heeled over markedly.

This was just between midnight and the first hour.

The guns and weights were shifted, and steam was put on, but she was for the time inextricably caught by that treacherous and tenacious mud making the Mississippi a very graveyard of vessels. All hope of salvage being lost, the commander ordered those things to be done which comprise the last measures on abandoning a ship in the enemy's teeth. The pivot-gun was rolled over the side; the others were spiked. The munitions at hand and the small arms were thrown into the mud.

At the same time, the enemy obtained the range and directed the cross-fires of three batteries at the disabled and dismantled sloop. Under this shower the sick and wounded were lowered into the boats.

Dewey had stood with his men to his own gun

until the water was up to the muzzle, firing the last shot—the last retort of the defeated war-dog—through the porthole by which he had to make his escape.

He and his captain, Smith, are stated to have been the two coolest spirits on the wreck. On his way to the boats containing the invalided and non-combatants, Dewey saved the life of a shipmate, drowning.

It was this exploit which caused one of the eyewitnesses, or nearly so, of the conflict, to say :

“Dewey was always a hero. We of the old Confederacy knew it long ago.” And he had but to recite the above deed to find he was agreed with.

The boats, with their loads, started for the fleet, which had anchored down the river by this time. The captain had not joined them until assured that fire, applied to the doomed hull at three or four places, would probably make a complete ruin. They had been fired upon on the way up by rifles and muskets from the banks, so that they had no pleasant prospect.

Still in doubt whether this mournful duty was accurately accomplished, the chief officer asked the question of his lieutenant whether “She will burn?” and the other had returned within to make certain. The fire did not go out; on the contrary, when, lightened by the removal of her guns and top-hamper, she slid out of the bank, the poor sloop drifted downstream, midway in the morning, and finally blew up in another hour or two.

The survivors of the catastrophe had been taken aboard the *Richmond*.

The official report praises the coolness of Lieutenant Dewey.

He was transferred to the *Colorado*, and several months passed in patrolling the river as far as won to the Old Flag. This fatigue duty lasted up to the

reduction of Vicksburg and Port Hudson by the united energies of the fleet and the army, the outcome of repeated conferences between General Grant and the naval chiefs.

A first attack on Fort Fisher had come to grief, it being alleged that the land forces had failed to cooperate advantageously with the naval one; be this true or erroneous, things went differently in a second attempt, and a last, the third.

Admiral Porter commanded the water forces on this effort, Farragut having gone home to recruit and refit the *Hartford*, which required extensive repairs after the peppering received in her ascent of the Mississippi.

The large number of land troops having been put on shore and in position, on the 15th of January, the fleet attacked in three lines. As the conflict was drawing to a close, Commodore Thatcher, of the *Colorado*, was signaled to stand in and silence a part of the defenses, which was a veritable hornets' nest. The vessel mentioned had been hit more than once from this quarter, and Dewey, anticipating the order, from its necessity, had fore-arranged the movements to sail in under the very guns.

He had said to his superior, "We shall be safer in there, and those works will be taken, then, in fifteen minutes."

The signal to go in came, therefore, to straining hounds, and the young officer's conjecture proved correct.

When Admiral Porter was congratulating Thatcher on the promptness with which this critical order had been carried out—for it let the land contingency enter the lines and begin the victory—the worthy commodore said, with the generosity of a mariner:

"You must thank Lieutenant Dewey, sir, for he had suggested your own stroke."

He went farther and recommended Dewey for promotion on going to Mobile Bay, where, as acting rear-admiral, he relieved Farragut, after the brilliant achievement of the Battle of Mobile.

There was little now of naval note: Sherman marched triumphantly from Atlanta to Savannah; Grant advanced and took Richmond: with the capture of Jefferson Davis, head of the collapsed Confederacy, the Internecine Strife ended in 1865.

In March of this year, Dewey was promoted to be lieutenant-commander, and went aboard the sloop-of-war *Kearsage*, famous for sinking the notorious Confederate cruiser *Alabama* off Cherbourg, in the previous year. She was lost on a reef in the Caribbean seas, and it is a new vessel which carries her inextinguishable name.

After doing duty subsequently on the flag-ship *Colorado*, Dewey came home, placed for repose, well-merited, at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, N. H.

CHAPTER IV.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.—THE CAPTAINCY.—
KINDLY ACT TO A BOY.—A STROKE OF NAUTICAL
WIT.—COMMODORE AT SIXTY.—THE FAREWELL.—
A FORECAST.

THE belle of Portsmouth was Miss Susie Goodwin. She was daughter of a native of the place who had risen to the first post in the gift of the people of the State. Her father was, in fact, one of the "War Governors," and characteristically bore the cognomen of "Fighting Goodwin."

The pretty damsel was the object of several suitors, but the contest centered upon our hero and an elder

officer, then Commander S. C. Rhind, distinguished in the late war by his sailing the fire-ship *Louisiana* up to the very walls of Fort Fisher—a deed paralleled only by the young officer's who steered the bomb-proof battery under Algiers fortalice, or, to come to later feats, Cushing's attack on the *Albemarle* and Hobson's sinking of the hulk in Santiago Bay.

Nevertheless, youth carried the day, and Dewey and Miss Goodwin were married in October, 1867.

He was sent to preside over a department at his own Alma Mater, at Annapolis.

Longing for the sea coming again, he was put in command of the *Narragansett* in 1869, with the right, after a certain date, to be entitled commander.

In 1872, his dearest wish was gratified in his becoming a father. His son was named George after himself and Goodwin after his wife's father. This dear wish was accompanied by the greatest grief of his life—as if we were always to be tendered, in a double cup, bitters and honey!

Mrs. Dewey died that same year.

The bereaved husband remained on land for a period, being a lighthouse inspector in 1876. Later, he became secretary of the Lighthouse Board.

In truth, he was one of those men armed at all points whom the Government appreciated so far as to keep them constantly in harness. At all events, the blade was not allowed to rust, though it might chafe in its scabbard, while the hand which should have wielded it was plying the goosequill.

While in the Naval Bureau, Dewey had frequent opportunities to display that courtesy for which he was noted, perhaps because it is at some divergence from the bearish manners of too many bureaucrats.

A man tells the story whose father was in position

at Washington. One day, inquisitive as youth are, he inquired of his father, whom he deemed, as boys will suppose of their progenitors, a fount of intelligence, why some light boats were called "cat"-boats.

Was there any sense to it or might they not as well be styled "dog"-boats? The person pestered did not try to explain. He pointed to a gentleman whom the two had often crossed in their paths and said :

"If you will put your puzzle to that gentleman, he will give you all possible information, as he is head of the Naval Construction Bureau, I believe."

The boy in perfect faith betook himself to the stranger, who received him kindly, though roused from a brown study, but hesitated as if, in his turn, he, too, was "graveled." But recovering, if the problem took him aback, to use a nautical phrase, he asked the questioner's name and address, and resumed his stroll.

A few days afterward, when the boy thought no more about the matter, insignificant after all to him, he received a portentous missive, under the Naval Bureau frank and seal, directed to him as if he were a "grown-up."

Opening it in some trepidation, he found it an exhaustive reply to his query. It appears that, in all maritime countries, from time out of mind, a certain class of light craft have been named "cat"-boats, in allusion to their swiftness, alertness and speed, which observers chose to liken to the traits of the feline race. In the same way, fleet boats are called flies or mosquitoes.

In 1882, returning to his vocation, Dewey commanded the *Juniata* in the Asiatic Squadron, a foretaste of the atmosphere which he was for a time to inhale, more or less intermingled with burnt powder.

In 1884, he was appointed full captain, a rank which is equivalent to a colonel's in the army. As such, he commanded the *Dolphin*, one of the well-remembered "White Squadron." Our vessels were not alone in adopting this hue, gay to us but considered mourning by those contrary folk the Chinese—for the British troop-ships intended for Asiatic voyages are also painted to resemble snow-birds.

In his new position, as heretofore, Dewey was the idol of his crew as well as beloved of his compeers. Even when his wit was justified, it had an amusing not caustic sharpness.

In 1885, when commanding the *Pensacola* in the Mediterranean, she being the flag-ship, a shift of wind, accompanied by a rapid fall of the barometer, gave warning of changing weather. Presently a white squall came up, and there was busy work for all hands, the executive officer in the waist, the officer of the deck on the quarterdeck, and the midshipman in the forecabin bellowing and repeating orders, while the sailors jumped through the tops like monkeys. Just then something fouled the clews of the maintopsail, at the very moment the squall struck, and bungling for a moment or two nearly cost the vessel a spar. Dewey, from the bridge, was looking on, and everybody was in tremulous anticipation of a severe rebuke. But he only turned to the officer of the deck and said mildly :

"Will you kindly tell me what was the matter just now with the *agricultural population* on the maintopsail yard?"

If there be one epithet more than another at which the jacky feels his nerves quiver, it is to that likening him to a farmer. At the same time, odd though it may appear, yet the figures prove it the most valuable element in our whaling fleets, to say nothing of our navy, in time of war, has been the New

Englanders who came from away-back in the woods and up the mountains.

This remark percolated through the midshipmen to the crew, and, being duly translated, it produced an effect from which the men did not recover for days.

Again on shore duty, our subject was chief of the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting, with the rank of commodore, being commissioned in 1896.

Perhaps not one who ought to be in the current even had a clear idea of what trouble was impending and where it would lift its horrific head, but there was more than human in the hand which indicated him to be head of the Asiatic Squadron in January, 1898. He had applied for sea-going duty in the previous year.

It cannot be defined who in particular had the utmost to do with this important appointment. Mr. (Governor) Theodore Roosevelt, at the time Assistant Secretary of the Navy, his chief himself, Mr. Long, and Capt. Crowninshield, as head of the Navigation Bureau, all three insist that they foresaw the right man for the right place.

If the whole truth were known, however unassuming may be a man of worth, something like the divine afflatus surrounds him and denounces him to the chosen few; Barras thought he was selecting a mere warming-pan in office by appointing young Bonaparte chief of an army; Lincoln was chosen as a Presidential candidate because others, estimated immeasurably his superiors, were unavailable for the office; Grant the Taciturn was no such popular favorite as McClellan; and many a conqueror of an empire was supplied with ships in order to be rid of their importunities and not because their projects were credited.

During his years of peace on shore and on the

quiet of the ocean, Dewey had "gained many friends and admirers by his evident ability, his modest firmness of character, his kindly courtesy, and his wide range of interest."

The writer, without knowing it, touched the main and distinguishing point when he emphasized Dewey's wide-range: as Dr. Johnson sapiently says: "Experience is perpetually contradicting theories." An artillerist—and remember, Napoleon the Great was a perfect artillerist as Dewey was preeminent in naval gunnery—moves upon stepping-stones, facts and truths, which never swerve under the foot and must lead to the pedestal of this great monument. The variety of Dewey's occupations, confusing to a meager intellect, denoted his reach and aim: "A successful man, to live as he should, must undertake more than he can perform."

It was logical to expect that it would be a choice band, not merely of his brother officers, but military men, and one or two notable in other circles where the country is served, which encircled him on a night when he was to be toasted on his proud position and bidden God-speed!

There was no formality, but just friendliness and well-wishing, around the true gentleman, who, in twenty years, none had ever heard to grumble at being unrecognized, to swear or to brag.

An impromptu poetical address which has been often quoted was read by Colonel Archibald Hopkins.

"Fill all your glasses full to-night;
The wind is off the shore;
And be it feast or be it fight,
We pledge the Commodore.

"Through days of storm, through days of calm,
On broad Pacific seas;
At anchor off the isles of palm,
Or with the Japanese.

“Ashore, afloat, on deck, below,
Or where our bulldogs roar,
To back a friend or breast a foe
We pledge the Commodore.

“We know our honor’ll be sustained
Where’er his pennant flies;
Our rights respected and maintained,
Whatever power defies.”

More gravely prophetic and sublime in its confidence were the words of an old naval comrade, uttered previous to the illustrious events which eventuated under the Commodore’s flag :

“Dewey will take good care of his fleet and will make the most effective use of it. He is sagacious and far-sighted, as well as fearless and brave. The Spaniards are not likely to catch him napping. There is no officer of the United States Navy who could lead a fleet into battle with greater certainty of victory than Commodore Dewey. He enjoys one great advantage as a commander in having the implicit confidence of his subordinates. Every man who knows Dewey would follow confidently wherever he might lead.”

CHAPTER V.

OUR WAR WITH SPAIN.—CUBAN FILIBUSTERS.—OUR
CONSUL IN PERIL.—THE “MAINE” OUTRAGE.—
THE CUBAN CAMPAIGN. — “DELEND A EST—
CERVERA !”

CLEARLY to understand the situation, it is imperative to review our dealings with Spain. That crowned Cæsar of nations had become a beggar among the realms of Europe. One by one—sometimes, in a flock, she had lost those gaudy nestlings, her col-

onies, Peru, Mexico, The Golden Americas, on which, like the cormorant, not the pelican, she had fed.

Some had become republics, more or less in our image ; others, like Florida, had been sold lest an enemy should seize them. In the middle of the nineteenth century, the West Indies were about all she had left, and it was positive that "the brightest gem in the Spanish Crown," that is, Cuba, would not long be her subject, or would be a land of desolation.

Travelers came away from that sea of sunshine and flowers more saddened than after gazing into an extinct volcano : official robbery was making a desert there.

Time and again, natives who had never despaired of Cuban future, though they were all but alone in such flights, tried to excite the "Ever-faithful Isle" against the oppressor. Sympathizers with the cause of this new Lone Star Republic commenced to be numerous in the United States ; the fugitives, after each suppressed revolt, dwelt in our ports and had their sons educated here, where the pines or the oaks, of Maine or the Carolinas, breathe out freedom.

In 1851, there was a deep thrill on the seaboard at the execution of certain rebels, called "filibusters," from a Spanish word signifying freebooter, derived from those gentry using swift craft, or "fly-boats."

The attempts to land arms and men, some of the latter being Americans, continued for twenty years, with the stereotyped result of the supplies reviving the spirits of the "men on the mountain," or being captured and the bearers of the torch of Liberty murdered by slow torture in squalid prisons or broken by the *garotte*.

In 1873, occurred a more remarkable act. The American steamer *Virginius* was seized while landing reinforcements for the insurrection, and a hundred of the crew were put to death. This was under Presi-

dent-and-General Grant's administration. Popular indignation rose almost to overflowing, and the least imprudence would have precipitated the war against Spain of our era.

This breach was patched up, but the chasm promised, when it reopened, to swallow up the Spanish scepter in the New World, sick of these repetitions of the régime of Alva and the Inquisition.

"Everything comes to the man who waits for the river to bring him his wishes"—when that river is All-Time and his wishes are based on human welfare.

In spite of the restrictions which the Old Country imposed on Cuban trade, especially against the hated Yankee, trade had increased yearly with the nearest neighbor. Americans, bewitched by the fertility of Cuba, had invested their money profusely if prematurely in not only the plantations, but factories and warehouses. The property interests of our citizens had become considerable, although much of it was prudently masked under foreign names.

As the man said, after wincing at a sermon which "named no names": "It is hard to preach without hitting me somewhere," so, wherever the Spanish soldier, trained since the fifteenth century to "live on the country"—enemy's or ally's alike—fired a field of cane or tobacco or a storehouse, American property was sure to be injured. Then again, to what the regular spared, the insurgent applied the torch. The foreigner in Cuba was a sheep shorn on both sides. The claims of despoiled American citizens owning destroyed or damaged properties and business in the ill-fated island amounted, as filed at our Foreign Department, to ten millions of dollars. This sum is twice what Spain charged for the ceding of Florida to us.

But the United States might hesitate to press the Lazarus of Europe—it was bankrupt. The quota-

tion of its funds on the Exchanges was a farce. In such a depth, meekness would have become it, but the Don was impudent as in his proudest days, and nothing is more exasperating than a saucy debtor.

Thereupon, it began to be whispered in Europe that the United States would let out no more tether, and might bring up the Bad Example with a round turn—might even use the rope for a lashing.

On the Island of Cuba, for the first time, merchants secretly opened their purse to the insurgents, on the plea that the sooner matters came to a head the better, as the United States were fated to intervene, take up the wrested scepter and govern as one saw it could govern, after the magnificent sight of the pacification after the Civil War—the resumption of a brotherhood merely shaken, not annulled.

Formally, the payment of the Indemnity to our wronged fellow-citizens was demanded. The press had united in pointing out that we should never take our fit place among nations until, like Great Britain, the least hurt done to the meanest citizen is righted by all the united forces of the country. Spain badgered and scurvily treated Americans while an Englishman sauntered on the *plaza* without the Captain-General himself of Cuba daring to offer him a slight.

No one ventures to tread on the Lion's tail—let it be so that none try to pluck feathers from the Eagle!

Spain shuffled, as usual, at a point-blank demand.

She retaliated with words; that she would have put down the turbulent long ago in her confines but for the more or less secret sustenance of the United States. That weapons, levies of adventurers and food came regularly out of our Atlantic ports—no wonder from the nation always at the back of free-lances, like Lopez, Walker and the Count of Boulbon.

Not a word about payment of the debt!

At the same time, as if to accentuate the contempt and derision with which this claim was met, the cruelty and hardness with which the Cubans were overwhelmed were redoubled.

On the grounds that the field was wanted entirely for the movements of the Army of Repression, the working population were ordered to go within the towns, such of the goods and crops as could not be carried off being destroyed by the soldiery to prevent the rebels being sheltered and fed by them, as the case might be. The military being themselves on short rations, thanks to the incompetency or dishonesty of the officials of their own blood, these unfortunate wretches, homeless, unclad, helpless, died like sheep, and the outskirts of the towns where they had been driven at point of bayonet resembled the shambles of the cannibal King of Dahomey.

All America was aroused ; if the sword could not yet be drawn, the cash-box should be opened as well as the storehouse for these innocent sufferers.

Then was seen a miserable act. England may not have liked us when we sent corn to the victims of the Irish Famine ; but, at least, she did not raise her hand against the succor reaching the unfortunates. It was left to Spain to reject this relief—and add insult to the barbarity by asserting that it was intended underhandedly for the aid of the revolutionists !

Serious riots were set a-going in Havana, where the Flag of Washington was hooted at on our Consulate, without, however, daunting our representative there—General Lee—who firmly upheld it in the face of the seething scum.

But as there were women and children of our kin under his unaided hand, he called upon the home Government to send a sufficient force to cow this hostility.

At the opening of 1898, the battle-ship **MAINE** was ordered to the Cuban capital.

In the evening of February 15th, an explosion occurred by which this splendid naval construction was irreparably shattered, and 264 of her brave crew, with two officers,—the others having providentially been absent at a short distance,—were carried down into the pestiferous depths unless mercifully killed by the shock.

The echo of that infernal machine went round the world, and there was not a civilized country where justice—if not vengeance—was not called for, out of high heaven, for this destruction of a vessel in a friendly harbor, without the least suggestion of a state of war.

Even the scalping savages used to go through a form of declaration of hostility before pulling the bow or drawing the knife.

On the 21st of March, after an interval of waiting in which hearts never ceased to beat, and voices cry for “War!” the U. S. Board of Inquiry, to which a Spanish joint-commission had been sternly refused participation, brought in a verdict, so to say, that the **MAINE** had been destroyed by a submarine mine. The people—our people, nay, the world, stood aghast at no blame being fixed or even pointed at any one. To this date, mystery surrounds the terrible fate of the gallant warship—what hand could have been so near the heart, the pride or the spirit of Spain, that her throne hides it?

But Time melts the wax mask, or rends the plaster off the tablet and reveals the true architect—“the Man in the Iron Mask” may never be disclosed, but count on it, we yet shall learn who pressed the electric button and destroyed the **MAINE**!

On the 8th and the 9th days of March, the two branches of Congress passed a bill for the money to

defray the expense of National Defense. Peace had caught us unprepared for a war with a European Power, insignificant in herself, but she might find allies, on one or another pretext. The prosperity of the United States—standing solution, as she is, to the problem of how to govern wisely, freely and happily—makes us unproclaimed but inveterate enemies in tyrants.

The ultimatum of this country was that Spain should withdraw her forces from Cuba within three days ; but, already, that kingdom had presented the first move in actual hostilities by informing our Minister at Madrid that diplomatic relations no longer existed between the two countries.

The War was fixed by Congress as having been initiated April 21st, 1898.

While our agents were purchasing vessels, and Spain more or less unfruitfully trying to reinforce her navy by promises of a broken treasury, the ships we had in commission and merchantmen, hurriedly fitted out for cruising, made a number of prizes ; on the other hand, Havana was not effectually blockaded, save on paper.

Three of our battle-ships bombarded the Port of Matanzas in April, which was the first marked act of warfare.

At the end of that month, a Spanish fleet left Cape Verde, being their first act of hostility towards us.

Arms were landed for the Cubans and their co-operation was sought as soon as our forces touched Cuban soil. Ports there were bombarded, but no engagement of importance ensued until the close of May, when it was found that the Spanish Admiral, Cervera, had entered the harbor of Santiago, one with a narrow entrance where he was "bottled up." The American commander of the fleet which imme-

diately blockaded this gorge, Commodore Schley, drily remarked : " They will be a long while getting home." Indeed, on trying to run out, passing a hulk which had been daringly placed in the channel by Lieutenant Hobson, the Spanish ships were entirely destroyed, by fire, explosions or by running aground. The American loss was unnoticeable. The land forces had forced their way up to Santiago's gates and, surrounding it, its surrender was demanded.

The annihilation of their fleet, under their very eyes, should have convinced even the obstinate Spaniards of the absurdity of further struggling, but it was not without a siege and shelling that Santiago surrendered on the 17th of July.

Porto Rico fell into our hands with ease, as the inhabitants were eager to pass under a more enlightened rule. The Cuban campaign was over, all but the signing of the peace.

Let us hasten to return to our subject, who was no less active in his quarter of the globe.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SCENE OF OUR FAR-EASTERN PROBLEM.—THE PHILIPPINES.—PEOPLE.—CLIMATE.—PRODUCTS.—MAN-O'-WAR LIFE.—ON THE EVE OF ACTION.

OUR territory of the Philippines is the base of our own far-eastern question.

The Philippine Islands were discovered in 1521 by Magellan, a Portuguese navigator. They are in the North Pacific Ocean ; they may be roughly bounded thus : To the north, China and Japan ; to the west, Burmah, Siam and Malaya ; to the south,

Borneo and New Guinea. They number upwards of a thousand, but several hundreds are very small; they seem fragments of a vast land, shattered by earthquakes or volcanic disturbances; they are still subject to cosmic disruptions, while typhoons, tidal waves and torrents of rain temper the too paradisaical region. The hot and moist air, while unfavorable to Europeans and Northern Americans, enable more languid and contented races to thrive. The winter is the Rainy Season of the Tropics when outdoor life is suspended.

Magellan made his acquaintance with the Philippine Group at the Marianne Islands, which he named after the thievish natives the *Ladrones*, that is, Robbers. There are fifteen of these, one of which, Guam, or Guahan, had become a U. S. N. coaling station, since we took possession.

The principal islands are Luzon and Mindanao; the chief city of all being Manila on the former.

The article of produce by which Europe and America know the place is hemp, Manila rope being used extensively in whaling fleets and the present navies, wire rope not having ousted it from its pride of place as yet.

But the soil is fertile for grain, mainly rice, the main item on the Philippine bill of daily fare, bread fruit, plantains, mangoes, etc.; some culture is given to cotton, tobacco, sugar-cane and sisal; it is stated assuringly that the United States could be supplied with all the sugar needed from our new acquisition alone.

Spain took hold of the Archipelago under the reign of King Philip II., and set his name upon all which he, therefore, nominally governed. Hence the names of Filipinos, Philippines, etc. But apart from the two islands already cited, and the larger ones, Panay, Palawan, Negros, Leyte, Samar, etc.,

the Spanish in three centuries learned little about the interior.

The aborigines, *Negritos*, are physically small and mentally low, so incapable of improvement that scientific reasoners do not regret their dying out. The savages, still infesting the mountain and forest recesses, have never submitted to the Spanish arsenal of sword, thumbscrew, rack, damp cells, and strappado; they remain unenlightened; a favorite delicacy with them are the flying foxes (*Pteropus Rubricollis*), or fox-bats, so named from their reddish color (hence another title, Roussette, or Russet).

These curiosities take the first place in the list of the odd creatures in the wilds from their being the largest of bats.

Their wings extend five feet across; these they fold about them as they hang in the daytime by hooky hind feet from the dead trees, their roosting-places after a debauch on fruit as well as drinking their fill of naturally fermented cocoa-nut juice (*toddy*). Sleepy and intoxicated, they hang in clusters like an enormous fruit, when the savages gather them in baskets and carry them off for feasts; they are roasted and, it is said, taste like hare.

The better civilized live on rice, salted fish and yams, while the Mohammedan Malays, in the ports, do not disdain our canned comestibles. A large number of Chinese are among the rest of the population of eight or ten millions who are our new brothers in the Orient.

Taken at their best, that is, unaffected by the mis-training under the departed government which fostered treachery and cunning by its cruelty and rapine, the Filipinos are asserted to be honest, hospitable and affable.

What the expelled rulers were, may be gathered from their everyday sayings, such as: "The official

who cannot lie may as well be dead." "Gold rules all and his Viceroy is Coin." "Officers get into all kinds of scrapes, but officials get them out."

Spite of such morals, the natural abundance of produce and the trading facilities of Luzon lifted it into importance. Even the continual drain of the cream towards Spain has not prevented Manila, its capital, being noteworthy. It was walled for two miles, with a thickness of well-made masonry which defied ancient artillery, while on one side a river, on another its fine Bay, with artificial moats for the rest, set the natives, if they revolted, at defiance.

In 1762, the English took it without much ado. The cannon on the ramparts were then old, and those of quite modern manufacture, with which our advance was to be checked, if possible, were few in number and poorly served.

In 1875, it was projected to build several railroads running out of Manila, but the home Government continued to turn all funds to the treasury at Madrid and only one was constructed: 150 miles from the capital to Dagupan. We shall do better than that in the next twenty years!

The place next mentioned to Manila is Iloilo. This is an island 300 miles off. The Spanish retired hither when driven by us out of Manila, and were promptly besieged by the native revolutionists, styling themselves the Visayan Republic, not to be confounded with the insurgents under Aguinaldo.

At the same time, almost exactly, as the colonists in Cuba were restless under the rules dictated at Madrid, those in Spain's Eastern possessions were chafing.

Like sea-eagles on a peak watching a dispute among fish-hawks, our Asiatic fleet waited at Hong Kong, and would not be allowed to wait for long.

It is believed with reason that no politician or

statesman among us dreamt of other work in the Pacific but fettering the Spanish fleet at that point, so that it might not interfere with our progress in liberating the Island of Cuba.

Not a glimmer of territorial aggrandizement appears in all the press or public utterances.

At Hong Kong the preparations were made for Dewey's swoop.

Those waters were animated with cruisers of various powers.

Japan and China were backed secretly in their tilt by Europeans, or at least the Colossus who has one foot in Asia.

Germany had colonial designs ; France would not be content with Tonquin ; England might covet a slice of the stepping-stones between India and Australia.

The countries not directly engaged would stand neutral, implying that our war-vessels could not obtain supplies in any port between there and California.

To destroy the Spanish fleet under Montejó, and occupy for repairs and victualing the port it was flung out of, was a double ended project as imperative as hazardous.

Be sure that our naval commander weighed well the chances.

To succeed in such a mighty dash was to be hailed as Bold ; when such feats fail, the bearer of the brunt is styled Rash.

He was truly informed that never had the insurgent Filipinos shaken the throne of their tyrants so deeply as of late. Greedy as the Spanish were about money and harassed to obtain it, the rebel leader had been "bought off" the field by a stupendous sum, but it was asserted, upon full knowledge of the natives, that the bargain would not hold. On the

arrival of the hostile fleet, the Spanish on deck and on the battlement of Manila would be betwixt two fires.

Ordered out of the Chinese port by the laws of neutrality, the Asiatic Squadron touched at Mirs Bay and started on that voyage which was to be memorable to Americans as Columbus's.

War-ships are expensive ; it is necessary to employ them without loss of time.

A first-class battle-ship is a monstrous engine : the boiler surface to generate steam to impel one equals eight acres and they hold thirty tons of water. They have guns on them which hurl shot weighing half a ton ; and though we have not on board the artillery or longest possible range, such as will throw fifteen miles, they are ample for their purpose of confusing an enemy who may be smashed without seeing even with a spy-glass whence issued the projectile.

Our vessels are up to date ; all scientific appliances are installed ; the electric plant would suffice to light up a town of five thousand inhabitants if transferred from a war-ship to the shore.

Under forced draft, the consumption of coal is like shunting it from the mine in bulk down a chute into the sea.

The Spanish ships were not up to the mark for want of money, or rather, as was the case with France in the Franco-Prussian War, the funds were misappropriated ; the gold went to belace the officers instead of providing the latest guns and good ammunition.

The Spanish sailor is brave as the Iberian peasant has always been ; but he is no mechanician as the Yankee is. If anything goes wrong with intricate engines he is all at sea. In our Civil War, when our columns reached a railroad junction, for example, where the fugitive foe had left a locomotive disabled

beyond repair, they thought, the general simply called a halt, and gave an order to his colonels.

The latter appealed to the regiments: "Is there not a man or men here knowing railroad engine building?" and usually several stepped to the front. Now, on board the Spanish vessels, the gunners could not loosen a jammed breech, or clear a muzzle of a prematurely discharged cartridge.

They had one or two "show" vessels, but even on them the aspect lacked the extreme neatness of an American man-of-war. Scarcely do the British, even under a martinet, present the spick-and-span appearance of our fine defenders.

The spare hours are not passed in spinning yarns, weaving fancy knots or making model ships, but in fencing, cutlass drill, sword *versus* bayonet or lance, and so on. As for the guns, it is known and was affirmed by intelligent observers that the American gunners were the most practised of any the seas over.

If we never had much experience in evolutions of a fleet—that is, twelve or more battle-ships in a line—the Spanish were no better. The last naval affair of note in which they won was Lepanto, as far back as 1571. In their actions with the French and English they were the second-best; and as for the defense of their merchantmen against pirates—the capture of a Spanish silver-ship was looked on as a cat regards the taking of a corpulent mouse.

The news which Consul Williams brought at the last moment from Manila had severed the only tie binding the Dewey Squadron to Chinese waters.

In the final week of April, 1898, the American force quitted the roads, composed of the flag-ship, *Olympia*, Captain Gridley; the *Baltimore*, commanded by Captain Dyer; the *Raleigh*, commanded by Captain Coghlan; the *Boston*, commanded by Captain Wildes; the *Concord*, commanded by Com-

mander Walker, and the *Petrel*, commanded by Commander Wood.

The *Monocacy* lost her share of glory as she was unfit for even a short voyage and had to stay at Shanghae.

Any passing vessel which saw this warlike procession must have guessed that their errand was not of peace ; for they were painted in that olive-gray tint chosen to be the fighting-color of America on the waters.

They rode, too, with a lightness which showed that they had been docked and cleaned of the enormous accumulation of shells and animalculæ common to tropical waters. They were provisioned for three months out, and if the ammunition was not in superfluity, enough is as good as a feast when it came to "giving the Dons a bellyful!" The cannon were always in order, but they were polished up and eased in their working as though to receive a state visit of the Chief of our Commonwealth.

A supply-vessel and a collier were tenders to this fleet.

Even the *Baltimore*, which had been bringing extra ammunition, had been docked, cleaned and dressed before she joined her companions.

They were only two days out of sight of land ; still, the evolutions of actual warfare were performed, but with more than the usual relish with the prospect of an engagement so near.

Like the Admiral and their other officers, without waiting for the "Maine Commission Report," still less for the declaration of war, all were sure that the dastardly outrage was undeniable and not to be condoned. In their minds something like the refrain, by mental, wireless telegraphy, of a song ringing along the Cuban shores, might be said to circulate from the stoke-hole to the top :

"Don't forget the watchword, boys, whenever we strike Spain;
Remember it, gun captains, when the order comes to train;
Remember, boys, remember, the destruction of the *Maine*,
And avenge it while fighting for freedom."

Seen from aloft, this rehearsal of the movements in real fighting would have convinced the observer that the American seaman has kept pace with the innovations of science into Jack's domain, and that he was better than a machine—an intelligent one.

The routine begins with the bugle-call for "To quarters!"

Every man on board a man-of-war has his station in which he stands to do his duty, come what may and until ordered away; or to issue hence as a wild-cat from its lair.

The men who are to repel boarders leave their respective guns' screws, and rush upon the upper deck, carrying one or more hammocks to be stowed in the nettings when the ship has a high freeboard, or to be packed around the deck machine and other guns, to protect them.

The guns are cleared of covers and sea-lashings, all the operating parts, to see that they play smoothly, and the implements required for loading and extracting placed in position.

Below, the powder magazines are opened and the shells and grenades got out; the electric battle-lanterns are turned on, that excellent precaution against fire which our forefathers did not know of; water is pumped into the divisions so that each compartment is fire-proof; and the hoist begins to raise the deadly projectiles of novel shapes to the gun-decks.

If it is supposed the enemy has got aboard, the sea-

men are massed before the marines, who cover them with their rifles in two or more rows ; the machine-guns are run forward as to meet the imaginary foe, and the charge is made on the same.

Elsewhere the signals of several sorts are made ready for use so as to keep up correspondence each with the sister-ships of the fleet ; the torpedoes are fitted in their ejectors ; the surgeons prepare their merciful arsenal.

All this ceaseless movement goes on without noise, save for the whirr, the buzz of the dynamos, the rattle of chains conveying power, the clicking of machinery. In these sham actions there is no cheering, and one misses the sound of detonations.

When each division officer knows that his scope of duties is fulfilled he makes his report : thus the commander is apprised in an incredibly short time that the vessel is ready as one comprehensive thing.

It was with this assurance of readiness that Dewey heard the cry of "Land !" when three days out. It was Subig Bay headland.

If the enemy were there, in the forefront of Manila, as might be, since the Spanish must have known that the fleet had sailed and its destination, the contest would soon commence.

As an old comrade of the Admiral said, a year or more previously : "Dewey will take good care of his fleet and will make the most effective use of it. He is sagacious and far-sighted as well as fearless and brave. The Spaniards are not likely to catch him napping. There is no officer in the United States navy who could lead a fleet into battle with greater certainty of victory than Commodore Dewey."

It was Saturday morning, April 30th, and it was Cape Bolinao ahead, the N. E. point of Luzon Island. Scouts went ahead to spy into Subig Bay. backed by the *Baltimore* in case the hostile squadron

was there. It is thirty miles this side of Manila Bay.

But there were neither ships nor fortified works there.

Consul Williams was right ; the enemy awaited the onset in Manila Bay, where the land works would strengthen their defense.

On the renewed course for that battle-ground the final preparations were made.

The officers wrote the mast letters which might never pass Davy Jones' locker ; the sailors confided keepsakes for the sweetheart at home to a messmate.

Then the order went forth for all " hamper," that is, lumber as we say on land, to be thrown overboard.

Everything which might catch fire or cause more mischief by its splinters and fragments than the incoming shot which smashed it is thus disposed of on the eve of action.

In the desire to make a clean sweep, the men even hurled over their mess-room tables, though these might have been towed alongside ; one lad, in his excitement, flung over his jacket, but, the next moment, repenting, he leaped over to recover it. This caused a stir which drew the commander's attention on him. He wished to know about this infraction of duty, for there is no time to waste over an individual in an encounter. The boy confessed that the throwing away of the coat was forgetfulness, but that the jumping after it was intended ; the fact was, in a pocket, was his mother's likeness and he had promised never to part with it.

Courage and compassion go together in the heart of a true hero : Dewey pardoned the lad, as you may be certain.

In this general delivery, his own uniform cap had gone over to amuse the sharks, and the artist who pictured him at the Battle of Manila in a cocked hat

deserves to be knocked into one ; he presided over the struggle wearing a traveling-cap picked up and donned for the nonce. This free-and-easy trait suits our temperament and is in vivid contrast to the exaggerated dandyism of two centuries since, when naval commanders plumed themselves on dressing for a conflict with wigs well dressed and all their decorations upon the breast of their best uniform coats.

The ships were as perfect as if fresh from the hands of the constructor.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY.

WHEN the captains were summoned for the council, usual before a general engagement, faces began to set sternly ; there could be not the least doubt preserved now that America was to cross blades with Spain in these remote seas.

But the set expression was soon a serene smile : every man who had followed Dewey would continue while he led, even into the dread abode where no hope dwells.

An old grizzled gunner was heard to say : “ With him into the jaws of Hades ! ”

It has been stated that this council of war was to give the superior the benefit of the subordinates' opinions and judgment, but this is an error. He intended to give them sheerly his final instructions—the fighting orders. But more than one knew his metal. Few had given him even slight study without coming to Admiral Bunce's decision :

“ Dewey is a gallant officer and a good sea fighter. He will render a good account of himself. If there

is any fighting to be done he will be in it, and he will fight to the last."

There were no two courses here. The hostile fleet was before them, backed by other guns in fortifications. They had not come so far to turn tail and retire—whither?

So, when the plan of attack was laid before the group, and the advisability of entering the harbor that same night, all was adopted instantly save by one objector. There must always be one doubting Thomas, or at least one over-prudent. To convince this one into unanimity, the presiding officer said:

"The Spaniards know when we sailed from Mirs Bay, and they can calculate exactly when we may be expected to arrive off Corregidor. But, in all probability, their forecast of what we shall do will be based upon the knowledge of what they would do under similar circumstances. I feel sure that *they* would not think of going in at night, and therefore that they would not believe it possible that we should do so. Consequently, to go in at night is the best thing that we can do."

The way of attack had been exposed, but not the exact order of the action. For his part, it is known that one of the captains had not a definite idea of his commander's lofty project. For he went slowly up into the harbor, expecting to be brought to a standstill at any moment, for who but a madman, or a genius,—they resemble one another,—would contemplate with such calmness the entrance of a harbor probably lined with batteries and carpeted with mines and torpedoes? This cautious captain doubled his lookouts and kept his eyes strained for guiding signals.

Meanwhile, all being ready on every deck, half the men were allowed to take a nap alongside the loosened guns. Few of them really slept, perhaps—not with

apprehension, God forbid, on an American deck !— but with eagerness to show that peace had not deteriorated our “ hearts of oak ! ”

When the flag-ship thrust her prow into Manila Bay, the moon was far above the horizon and at her first quarter. There were clouds, but they were not large and were intermittent as regarded the light, which prevented the night being favorable to the rush.

The Island of Luzon has, in a rough delineation, the shape of a whale in the act of breaching or bending its tail half over.

Imagine this fish to have a triangular slice cut out of the bend to the west, the body lying north and south, head up. At one angle, inward, is the city of Manila ; a nick in the opposite side represents the entrance, with an island choking up the gap. Just beyond the harbor mouth, trending southward by east, the coast falls off to make one side of the Straits of Manila.

This island is called Corregidor, and the Point, which guards the other side of the narrow channel, Mariveles.

As the leading ship of the squadron steamed through this gut, the Commodore remarked to his flag-officer :

“ We ought to hear from the battery on that island by now ! ”

But all was hushed, as all was dark. Except for the stern light which each vessel showed as a guide to the next, their positions could hardly be defined in the dusk. The second ship, the *Baltimore*, could be discerned, but not so the *Raleigh*, next, which was but a phantom for the keenest sight.

The chief sailed two miles farther, trending southward, being fairly abreast of Corregidor Island, when from there a signal was sent out to the mainland, through the mist.

The *Boca Grande* (Main Mouth) was passed through as slowly as the formation of the line could be maintained. At the end of the other passage, the Little Mouth, a steady light showed white, but it did not seem connected with our approach.

It was now five or so in the morning.

All of a sudden, a rocket went up from the midst of this island, as if on a message to the god of battles, Mars.

The *Olympia* had passed a mile beyond Corregidor and within five of Manila, when the first gun boomed from a lone rock, called the Monk (*el Fraile*), and a heavy shell screamed through the flag-ship's rigging.

Another quickly followed, to which three ships made reply and seemed to shut up that oppositionist, instantaner.

Day broke. "By the dawn's early light" the Spanish saw "the broad stripes and bright stars!"

"Yes," said a man by a gun, "they will see stars before the day is done!"

There were veterans on both sides; but, though "full many a glorious morning" they may have seen, never would the likeness of that one for splendor be approached.

So thoroughly beforehand was the planner of the annihilation of the Spanish Eastern fleet, that, on leaving Mirs Bay, he had said to one who would treasure and report his words:

"The fight will come off on Sunday next!"

Dewey turned to his aid on the bridge and observed:

"It has taken a long time for them to wake up, but probably they will make it the hotter for us when they begin."

A man such as he does not under-rate his foes.

The order of battle was: the *Olympia*, the *Balti-*

more, the *Raleigh*, the *Petrel*, the *Concord* and the *Boston*. These could go at twelve knots the hour, and the flag-ship at fifteen; but they were hindered by the supply ships, guarded only by the cutter *McCullough*, incapable of a better pace than eight. If the battle-ships had outsped them, they might have been cut off by Spanish gunboats.

The opposing fleet, under Rear-Admiral Montejó, had been lavishly fitted at Cavité Arsenal, and during the coming fray moved about under a full head of steam before their station, at Cavité, a suburb of the town, seven miles seaward.

It is hard for a landsman to conceive more than an inadequate idea of a warship in action; the ponderous guns make a noise beyond that of a whole broadside of an ancient wooden ship; the steam and smoke envelop the whole structure and change the brass, so brilliant a while before, into a tint of verdigris. The men have to brace themselves against the shock of the discharges, holding the arms stiff and away from the body to let the lungs have full play, while the mouth is opened, to the same end.

The detonation of the big guns is more bearable, as less sharp than of the smaller ones, and the concussion hurts less because it is so general. Those who have had the heart leap in response to a sudden blow on a big drum close to them may faintly imagine what the boom of an eight-inch gun is like.

Since the "last argument" had fired, all were expecting death to come aboard; and death on a warship is not attended by only those horrors known on land. If in a land engagement thirty-two per cent. of the combatants are reckoned to be killed in the first few minutes, this is increased at sea.

A badly wounded sailor rarely may escape, for shells are continually exploding on the smooth deck where he has been struck down. He cannot be

helped below or tumble within, for the storm-hatches are fastened down to keep out explosives. If not in close action, the wounded might be deposited behind the turrets, all the shelter which rises off the level decks, but there it would be difficult for the surgeons to exercise their art.

At the battle of Yalu, a single shot killed and hurt over a hundred. In the same, a surgeon and his patients were all killed by a shell bursting in their ward. The boats have all been shot away, of course, and on our ironclads there is nothing to make a raft of; so, if the ship is rammed or from any other cause, sinks, all go down without a chance, as when the British ironclad *Captain* "turned turtle" in the Mediterranean. The enemy's boats would also be shattered; so that, if there were time to do such a heroic act of compassion, none could be furnished to save the drowning.

Still the *Olympia* steamed on, not seeming to notice she had been fired on; but a signal had called the little cutter *McCullough* to her offside, where she would be sheltered from the shells.

Here came a little incident which may be that touch of matter-of-fact proving that the spirit cannot always overrule the flesh. At the Battle of Leipsic Napoleon over-ate and lost the day from indisposition. Dewey, calling for coffee to counteract some cold tea drank in the hot night and muggy morning, was as qualmish as a green hand in his first nor'wester.

But the excitement and the uproar of battle soon restored this pupil of Farragut to his usual placidity when a tempest raged. It was for him, and none other, to direct this storm—at least, so much of it as hurtled and thundered from under the American banner.

Barely a hundred yards ahead of his ship, all of a

sudden, two mines exploded and spouted up water like dying whales vomiting blood.

The secret intelligence on this subject had not been too explicit. In such a doubt the most brazen front might have wrinkled, but not so here.

"Ha," he said, "they have some mines, after all, in fit condition! They are in a hurry to settle matters!"

This to his volunteer aid on the bridge; then he added to Lieutenant Calkins, the navigator, who was steering all the more cautiously as the only chart obtainable was turning out faulty:

"Hold her in as closely as the water will let you; but be careful not to touch bottom."

This important officer is even more exposed than the chief, as his station is with the compass in its box, on the mast over the bridge where the commander stands.

As for the mines, none farther took up the defense. It was soon considered that the Spaniards had fired these more than anything to make it be supposed that they had others ready, protecting the fleet which, in its turn, protected the forts.

The crew began to chuckle, partly to slack the extreme nervous tension at being fired on from below as well as in front, and the word made the rounds:

"They are not so handy with their mines as in Havana Harbor, are they?"

The sole shots from our vessels so far were those which silenced the outermost shore batteries.

Meanwhile the ordnance at Manila Mole was firing as regularly as the guns could be worked. But the aiming was bad and the shots fell askew. The Spanish saw this from the outset, but attributed the failure to do damage, characteristically enough, to the American ships being armored and too far for such of their cannon as were antiquated and of short range. They kept up the cannonade, after the man-

ner of the Latin race to be animated by din, and to reassure their fellow-countrymen, non-combatants, who were fleeing out of town or posting themselves in the church towers to have a sanctuary as well as an observatory, probably safe.

A time had been fixed for the firing, but as it was clear, as in the case of a poor fencer transfixing an adept by reason of his own "flukes," a chance shot might, however blundering the gunner, inflict terrible injury, the Commodore put forward the hands of the clock.

His captain, Gridley, not to be immolated in the bridge with his chief by one shot, was in the conning tower. To him he called, in a voice clear and ringing as the bugle which speedily sounded to begin "Firing."

"You may fire, Gridley, when ready!"

"When ready!" This was quiet sarcasm, for the gunners had been ready from over-night! Gridley had but to nod to Charles Mitchell, the ship's bugler, standing by his side, when he set his gleaming instrument to his lips and blew the shrill order over the iron hull upon the unruffled waters.

A second later, one of the *Olympia's* eight-inch guns in the forward turret hurled its massy reply towards both fleet and forts, while the ships went speeding in the same direction—Cavité, the mark, three miles off.

Up to the fore-truck ran the signal to "Engage!" and the attack became general at last.

The contending fleet was represented by the following vessels, not up to the level of ours in modern appliances, but, though of wood or thinly armored, sufficiently well-armed to have made a more formidable fight. The *Reina Cristina*, *Castilla*, *Don Antonio de Ulloa* (these were sunk or scuttled), the *Don Juan de Austria*, *Isla de Luzon*, *Isla de Cuba*,

General Leso, *Marquez del Deuro*, *El Correo*, *Velasco*, *Isla de Mindanao*, armed transport (these were burnt); two tugs, *Hercole* and *Rapido* with, several steam launches, captured.

The *Cristina* and the *Castilla* were the foremost of the enemy, and they must bear the worst of the charge. Indeed, as the *Olympia* sheered to starboard, her port-battery of five-inch guns added their violent roars to the disturbance of the air.

The *Baltimore*, in particular, vied with the chief vessel in emitting a sort of volcanic eruption upon the line of battle opposite.

From Sangley Point, where the best artillery was at work, being the latest royal arsenal turnout of Hontoria guns, continued to come a tolerably creditable fire. More than once it hulled our attackers, and transpierced the *Boston*.

Its commander was Captain Frank Wildes, whose replacing officer had arrived at Hong Kong before he sailed, but he preferred to stick to his ship, foreknowing the famous action. Another member of the same complement, Gunner Evans, had no less patriotism; he had also been detached, but cast his lot afresh with his messmates in order to lose no leaf from their wreath of victory.

The exchange of warm compliments went on between ships and forts until a quarter to eight.

Seeing that their long-bowling had apparently inflicted no sensible harm, the *Don Juan of Austria* was started by the Spanish Admiral to check the *Olympia* in its steady advance, like a majestic sea-god's.

It would have been useless to attempt to board her, but it is said that such an intention was cherished. At all events, the *Don* was repelled by a broadside; recoiling, but not to spring again. She had fire in her interior, which her crew were unable to extin-

guish, and she was beached to save their lives ; one officer had been killed on her board, and her flaring hull gave the spectators on the towers their money's worth, as one of the beholders said, " If they came out to see our own ships as torches ! "

Four times the Americans coasted along the war-like but shifting front, baffled by their mobility ; then, relying no more upon the harbor chart, which was defective, the sailing-captain of the *Olympia* offered to take her in nearer the foe, trusting solely to the sounding line to learn the true depth of the water.

This allowed, Lieutenant Calkins watched the leadsmen as he kept the plummet going, and steered the powerful ship within two thousand yards of the hostile bulwarks, which range at last enabled the six-pounders to tell, as the five-inch ones had been favored a little earlier.

In spite of the exactness of our gunners, at this abbreviated distance, some of the shells were seen to waste themselves in the waves or, flying too high, to whizz over the short, fighting-masts of the opponents. At this rate long would the red-and-yellow float upon the royal squadron.

In some of this shooting there must have been more slap-dash, due to excitement, than calculation, and good as Yankees are at guessing, the outcome did not daunt the Spaniards, who responded handsomely.

Indeed, many of the touches had but to have been palpable hits for the losses to be less one-sided. Both from the wooden walls and the stone ones the shells which fell thick on the assailants were rarely percussion but time-fuses and well measured. It may be recorded that one burst within thirty yards of the *Olympia's* bridge and spat a fragment, as large as one's fist, to scoop out the deck below the Com-

modore's feet. A second cut the signal-halliards from the hand of Lieutenant Brumby, and another severed the rigging over the staff officers' heads ; a shell struck a gun in the ward-room.

This calamity was caused by a couple of our own shells being exploded by a shot boarding, splitting up the maindeck and upsetting a six-inch gun.

About this time, the volunteer aid of the Commodore having to use his eyes like Argus, as he was correspondent of the N. Y. *Herald* as well, perceived two small fleet boats creeping out from behind Fort Sangley. Once out of cover they put on steam and cleft the water at a fine rate. His chief was spying the shore, the ships and the burning *Don Juan*, and being told what was seen, impatiently and scornfully rejoined :

" Well, you look after them ! I can't be bothered with torpedo boats ! Let me know when they are sunk ! "

He turned to watch the *Reina Cristina*, which preceded her companions as though to avenge the *Don Juan*, sinking in flames like the " Don Juan " of operatic fame. The secondary batteries of the flagship were accordingly aimed at these pests, and one being sunk, the other disabled, the latter hurried whence she came. No more small fry meddled with the larger fishes' quarrel after this episode.

The *Cristina* was still coming on, as though she were a ram and hoped to cut down the *Olympia*.

The entire ship's battery was concentrated upon her while she was getting into short range, and those who have seen the target which the *Olympia's* gunners riddle into a sieve, may picture her appearance after this terrific hail. The ship was filled with dead and wounded, and in the bow a column of flame and vapor kept ascending as she bore away, as if her fate were to be, indeed, the same as her pre-

decessor, the *Don*. In fact, while seeking shelter of the point, hope was lost and she was run aground at the arsenal.

The *Castilla*, also set afire by a shell, thanks to her being wood, gave the spectators the idea that the Yankees were using Greek fire or the like, though forbidden in civilized war. Civilized war, in their eyes, however, allowed the use of submarine mines, and in time of peace!

The principal vessels of Montejo being out of active fighting trim, it seemed the instant for the so-far victors to go in and finish. It is true that the water shoals so rapidly between where the Spanish maneuvered and their land defenses, that Dewey could not repeat the bold dash of Nelson at the Battle of Copenhagen. He thrust his line between ships and forts, reasoning that where the former had room to swing, other vessels had room to sail; but still the fretfully agitated enemy might be closed in with, and the smaller and quicker-firing guns be used effectively upon the elusive targets.

To the astonishment of all, on both sides, on the contrary, the order to "Cease firing" was heard through the bugle-call, on the attacking decks, and the Americans withdrew out of range, after two and a half-hours' severe and steady fighting.

In the meantime the shore batteries had been expending their ammunition and practising—the result was little better—although the hostile squadron did not deign to reply to them, after the first volley, which silenced the outer ones.

Word was sent ashore, during this pause, for the Governor to stop firing from the land, or the city would be shelled. This threat stopped up the guns at three positions on the mole and on the wall of the town. The subsequent events occurred solely between the seamen of the two nations.

It may be inserted here that the little *McCullough* sought to emulate the risky conduct of the British gunboat *Condor* at the bombardment of Alexandria. This little wasp ran under the guns of a ponderous battery, and, dodging its replies, peppered away at it all day until the Egyptians fled from their guns !

The *McCullough* left the cover of her big sister, the *Olympia*, and darted right into the harbor, where she assailed the armed merchantman, the *Mindanao*, and riddled her with her bow-chaser so that she became unseaworthy.

Every one wanted to bear a hand into this sea-victory.

The men were immensely puzzled at the respite. They had thought to keep on till not a ship remained in opposition.

The explanation seemed insufficient. They believed they had done well, and were anxious to continue until the Spaniards were all sent to the bottom. The crew of the *Olympia* cheered the Commodore and the *Baltimore*, and the latter returned the compliment. One of the captains of a gun crew, after inquiring of a number of officers as to the reason of the suspension of hostilities, was told grimly "for breakfast." He made his way immediately to Captain Gridley and exclaimed :

"For heaven's sake, Captain, don't let us stop now. A fig for breakfast !"

It was, perhaps, solely to the men in the inmost depths, the stokers, that the rest came precious. It was said that the forced draft on the *Olympia* sent the temperature up to two hundred degrees, so that the men's beards were singed !

Nevertheless, on being freshened up, they were not the last to desire the renewal of the action.

The damage done to the enemy could be partially seen. The shore batteries were not to interfere,

that was arranged now ; and the minor craft of the Spanish could not be very eager for the second bout.

Meanwhile the captains came aboard the flag-ship to compare notes and report casualties.

The chief had been most anxious about the *Boston*, as she had been seen on fire : a shot had entered like a hat-pin into a griddle-cake, but without killing any one ; the fire caused by it had been subdued.

The other shots from the enemy had been mostly at random, and all penetrations of the armor had been slight.

The disablement of half a dozen men was all the detriment to the *personnel* which was reported. It was worse as regarded the ammunition, as the supply for the big guns was certainly not in excess.

Meanwhile, the Spanish vessels began to be submerged or to burn or blow up, which restored confidence as to the result anticipated.

It was clear that there might be provision enough for the large guns to finish with the more than decimated flotilla, which it was the order to disable or destroy.

The attack was resumed in four hours, that is, at eleven o'clock.

In the lull, the men had partaken of breakfast, according to that order which, telegraphed round the world, in the account of the decisive action, had drawn a hearty laugh from all Anglo-Saxons. A general had said that battles, on land, were to be won on the soldiers' legs ; another, that it was upon their stomachs, meaning, the English fight best when well fed. In this case, the check to the ardor of a combat to lunch was human and sensible : a poet has embalmed the stroke of human feeling in a line :

“ The greatest god of battles is he who *cooks the grub.* ”

By this time the forlorn condition of the discomfited Spaniards was evident. While attention was still paid, on the fire opening anew, to the wrecks until they offered no more resistance, it was on the remainder of the flotilla that the iron ruin was hurled. The last foe had to scuttle and sink, to avoid falling into our hands as a solitary prize. It was impossible for it to run out of the beleaguered harbor.

Having not one vessel on which to maintain his flag, Admiral Montejo, who, besides, was wounded, took to the shore and was transported for surgical assistance into the town.

The Commodore had been most anxious about the *Boston*, as she had been seen on fire; but the shot had not done notable damage; another from the Hontoria guns at Sangley Point had perforated the *Baltimore*, had wounded all the injured of the fleet, namely, eight; but while two poor fellows had broken limbs, the other wounds were little to dread. Five of our floating batteries had concentrated their sixty guns on that seat of irritation and settled the dispute on the spot.

Not a vessel crippled; not a fatality among the men! Such a blank is amazing when one compares it with the list of losses in the olden sea-fights. At Aboukir, the winners lost all but 1,000 men; at Trafalgar, the English lost 2,500 against the French 7,000; at Navarino, the "butcher's bill" was 6,000; at Lissa, combat of ironclads, 860 to 176.

But the Spanish had severely suffered, and the white flag fluttered swiftly to the top of the masts, as if inspired with eagerness to express the opinion along shore that the victory was undoubted.

Shortly afterwards, the white flag was run up.

Our triumph was complete.

Manila was now shut in; Cavité Arsenal lay at

the mercy of the victors, with the stores of which they had need, to serve as the base which we had desired in the East.

The cable was cut so that the only communication with Spain lay through the one at Hong Kong, which, of course, across the sea controlled by our cruisers, was out of the question.

Dewey was isolated, but the master of the situation.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE VICTORY.

“FLAGSHIP OLYMPIA, CAVITÉ,
May 4, 1898.

“The squadron left Mirs Bay on April 27, arrived off Bolinao on the morning of April 30, and, finding no vessels there, proceeded down the coast and arrived off the entrance to Manila Bay on the same afternoon. The *Boston* and the *Concord* were sent to reconnoiter Port Subig. A thorough search was made of the port by the *Boston* and the *Concord*, but the Spanish fleet was not found.

“Entered the south channel at half-past eleven P. M., steaming in column at eight knots. After half the squadron had passed a battery on the south side of the channel opened fire, none of the shots taking effect. The *Boston* and *McCullough* returned the fire. The squadron proceeded across the bay at slow speed and arrived off Manila at daybreak (May 1st, 1898), and was fired upon at a quarter past five A. M. by three batteries at Manila and two near Cavité, and by the Spanish fleet anchored in an approximately east and west line across the mouth of

Bakor Bay, with their left in shoal water in Canacao Bay.

"The squadron then proceeded to the attack, the flag-ship *Olympia*, under my personal direction, leading, followed at a distance by the *Baltimore*, *Raleigh*, *Petrel*, *Concord* and *Boston*, in the order named, which formation was maintained throughout the action.

"The squadron opened fire at nineteen minutes to six A. M. While advancing to the attack two mines were exploded ahead of the flag-ship, too far to be effective. The squadron maintained a continuous and precise fire at ranges varying from 5,000 to 2,000 yards, counter-marching in a line approximately parallel to that of the Spanish fleet. The enemy's fire was vigorous, but generally ineffective. Early in the engagement two launches put out toward the *Olympia* with the apparent intention of using torpedoes. One was sunk and the other disabled by our fire and beached before they were able to fire their torpedoes.

"At seven A. M. the Spanish flag-ship *Reina Cristina* made a desperate attempt to leave the line and come out to engage at short range, but was received with such a galling fire, the entire battery of the *Olympia* being concentrated upon her, that she was barely able to return to the shelter of the point. The fires started in her by our shell at the time were not extinguished until she sank.

"The three batteries at Manila had kept up a continuous fire from the beginning of the engagement, which fire was not returned by my squadron. The first of these batteries was situated on the south mole head at the entrance of the Pasig River, the second on the south position of the walled city of Manila, and the third at Malate, about one-half mile farther south. At this point I sent a message to the

Governor-General to the effect that if the batteries did not cease firing the city would be shelled. This had the effect of silencing them.

“At twenty-five minutes to eight A. M. I ceased firing and withdrew the squadron for breakfast. At sixteen minutes after eleven I returned to the attack. By this time the Spanish flag-ship and almost all the Spanish fleet were in flames. At half-past twelve the squadron ceased firing, the batteries being silenced and the ships sunk, burned and deserted.

“At twenty minutes to one the squadron returned and anchored off Manila, the *Petrel* being left behind to complete the destruction of the smaller gunboats, which were behind the point of Cavité. This duty was performed by Commander E. P. Wood in the most expeditious and complete manner possible. The Spanish lost the following vessels:—Sunk, *Reina Cristina*, *Castilla*, *Don Antonio de Ulloa*; burned, *Don Juan de Austria*, *Isla de Luzon*, *Isla de Cuba*, *General Lezo*, *Marques del Duero*, *El Correo*, *Velasco* and *Isla de Mindanao* (transport); captured, *Rapido* and *Hercules* (tugs) and several small launches.

“I am unable to obtain complete accounts of the enemy's killed and wounded, but believe their losses to be very heavy. The *Reina Cristina* alone had one hundred and fifty killed, including the captain, and ninety wounded. I am happy to report that the damage done to the squadron under my command was inconsiderable. There was none killed and only seven men in the squadron were slightly wounded. Several of the vessels were struck and even penetrated, but the damage was of the slightest, and the squadron is in as good condition now as before the battle.

“I beg to state to the department that I doubt if any commander-in-chief was ever served by more

loyal, efficient and gallant captains than those of the squadron under my command. Captain Frank Wildes, commanding the *Boston*, volunteered to remain in command of his vessel, although his relief arrived before leaving Hong Kong. Assistant Surgeon Kindelberger, of the *Olympia*, and Gunner J. C. Evans, of the *Boston*, also volunteered to remain after orders detaching them had arrived.

"The conduct of my personal staff was excellent. Commander B. P. Lamberton, Chief of Staff, was a volunteer for that position, and gave me most efficient aid. Lieutenant Brumby, flag lieutenant, and Ensign E. P. Scott, aid, performed their duties as signal officers in a highly creditable manner. Caldwell, flag secretary, volunteered for and was assigned to a subdivision of the 5-inch battery. Mr. J. L. Stickney, formerly an officer in the United States Navy, and now correspondent for the *New York Herald*, volunteered for duty as my aid, and rendered valuable service. I desire especially to mention the coolness of Lieutenant C. G. Calkins, the navigator of the *Olympia*, who came under my personal observation, being on the bridge with me throughout the entire action and giving the ranges of the guns with an accuracy that was proven by the excellence of the firing.

"On May 2, the day following the engagement, the squadron again went to Cavité, where it remains. On the 3d the military forces evacuated the Cavité arsenal, which was taken possession of by a landing party. On the same day the *Raleigh* and *Baltimore* secured the surrender of the batteries on Corregidor Island, paroling the garrison and destroying the guns. On the morning of May 4 the transport *Manila*, which had been aground in Baker Bay, was towed off and made a prize."

CHAPTER IX.

FENCING FOR TIME.—THE INSURRECTION AND ITS HEAD.—THE MOCK TREATY.—WHILE HELP WAS DUE.—OUR “ALLIES.”—GUARDING THE PRIZE.

THE victorious fleet now lay at Sangley Point, near Cavité, commanding a view of the two inlets at the Bay mouth, and having Manila under its guns.

The shore was dotted with the ruins of the vessels partly sunk ; smokestacks and short masts stuck up like bones of mastodons in an antediluvian cemetery.

Beyond, rolled the ocean where never more would the Spaniard domineer ; he was now cowering between the conqueror and the rebels, of whom he had long since lost the confidence, and the power to re-fasten the yoke.

News of the glorious action had been despatched to Hong Kong for Washington, as the other means of telegraphic communication was severed.

Early next morning, Monday, order was given for Captain Lamberton to take possession of Cavité town and arsenal. This gallant officer had come from home to take command of the *Boston*, but its own captain, though his time was up, had pleaded so warmly to retain his post during the battle impending, that his entreaty was granted. By way of compensation, the arrangements of the transfer of Cavité were placed in his hands.

The *Petrel* conveyed him and a landing-party for escort to the jetty.

Fully aware of the traditional treachery of the Spanish, also an everyday tale in the Orient, Lamber-

ton prudently desired the captain of the *Petrel* to allow him an hour only within the lines of the beaten forces; if he did not reappear then, the man-of-war might fire on the place and rescue him dead, if he were not fated to come forth alive.

That would be ten A.M.

As a fact, the intruder found the arsenal guarded by some eight hundred marines (*Infanteria de la Marina*), well armed with the Mauser rifle of which we heard frightful things in the Cuban campaign. This was hardly the proper aspect of a capitulating foe.

The envoy was received by Captain Sostoa, R. N., in the absence of his admiral.

The visiting party, comprising Dewey's aid, and Lieutenant Wood, with the messenger, were soon encompassed by what might be curious soldiers but more resembled a guard.

"How comes it," was the question put indignantly without hesitation, "that this place is filled with men under all arms, though you ran up the white flag yesterday, in token, we suppose, of complete surrender?"

The Spaniard replied with the *morgue*, or phlegm, of his nation, that they had not hoisted the blank flag in sign of defeat, but merely to cover women and children being removed to a safer spot.

This evasion was enough to make anybody frown.

The American shortly returned that the non-combatants ought to have been removed long before, and that no one in modern warfare recognized such devices.

The other retorted that they had no time, in truth, as the Yankees had begun so early—caught them napping, in short! It was the kind of reproof the old Austrian general uttered against Bonaparte because he had taken his citadel contrary to the tactics up to then in vogue.

“But you fired the first shot!” was remonstrated.

Lamberton did not trouble to continue the discussion: he plainly announced that he had come to take possession of the place; if it were not surrendered, the fleet would again open fire.

This threat staggered the other, who had expected to gain time—perhaps, till the eternal “to-morrow” of his race and that latitude. He urged that he must consult with his superiors, as he was only a navy captain. He also wanted the demand put in writing. This was done, as a formality, but there was no more shilly-shally. Besides, it was dangerous to linger, since the *Petrel*, as was agreed, might turn on her guns; the hour was nearly expired.

So Captain Sostoa was allowed two hours to settle with his admiral, and the governor of the province and city, before repeating their decision.

The party hastened to re-embark and cross the Bay to communicate the report.

At 10:45, the white flag went up once more: the surrender was undisputed this time; but there is always a card up the sleeve of the Peninsulars: when the marines landed to take charge, they found nobody there, it is true, but all the sailors, navy-yard men and marines had marched off with all the weapons, small arms and muskets, which is contrary to established usage in such cases.

“The scurvy rats!” remarked a seaman, “I wonder they did not blow up the stores!”

Shortly after the occupation of the port and Cavité, happened one of the comic incidents of the war.

One day, a pert little gunboat ran up into the Bay. She had the red-and-yellow flying and, with all the confidence of the world, made straight for the flagship as if it were Tom Thumb emboldened to attack a giant. As in duty bound, two or three vessels, in the road, incontinently opened fire upon her with

six-pounders, for she was right in amongst them before they could recover from their amaze at such audacity.

These loaded shots were taken for simple salutes, it would seem, for it did not stay the *Callao*—such was her name—in the least. Saucy and reckless, she continued to run a-muck at the *Olympia*.

But when a live shell ripped the sun-blind clean across her waspy waist, her commander must have perceived that he was very much out of his calculations; indeed, he had mistaken the fleet for his own and the flag-ship for Admiral Montejo's. He had been living in the woods—that is to say, more precisely, coasting—and was totally unaware not only that war had been declared between the U. S. A. and the Kingdom of Spain, but that the fleet he sought had been devastated and now strewn the shores, and the admiral, to whom he thought to report, was laid on a bed of pain after his flag-ship had been cleft to the water's edge.

This nautical Rip van Winkle, whose real name was Pau, was now undeceived by the officer who went aboard in his cutter and demanded his sword.

It is said that his blank face, immediately wearing an expression of astonishment, would have been a fortune to a low comedian.

After all, no one blamed him for the blunder, as he made our navy a pretty little present; the *Callao* was built for these shallow estuaries, and was promptly put in commission to chase his fellow-countrymen in the coast outposts.

As tender to the *Concord*, she soon did the States some service.

By the 16th of May, the blockade was strictly established over Manila. Trade was paralyzed, of course, and a scarcity of provisions prevailed.

All over the country, the news of the strangers

having soundly thrashed the hereditary foes and cooped them up in the city was carried by word of mouth, but with a celerity which beats the telephone. The rebel army, which had been disbanded nominally when, in 1897, its leader accepted a sum of money from the mother-country, began to flock under arms anew—said arms being in many cases a cane pointed and “steeled” in the bush-fire. They appeared on the landside of Manila, and so zealously harried the garrison that this was frying between two fires, theirs and the fleet.

Our Admiral, as he began to be called—for he was promoted from Acting Rear-Admiral to a full Rear-Admiral’s dignity in July, and created a full Admiral in December, 1898 (the pupil of Farragut holding at last the honor handed down to Admiral Porter, and held by no other in the interim)—our Admiral sent word home that he could take the town “at any hour.” But he had as yet no force to hold it.

Since help from the States came so slowly, for it would seem that the importance of our conquest was not realized in Washington, it was necessary to keep the Spanish employed on land by other hands.

Therefore, the chief of the native party in opposition to the tottering government was solicited to fling his brand again into the conflagration.

It was Emilio Aguinaldo, the Bolivar of the Philippines.

Who is Aguinaldo? was the natural question in America when it was learnt that this was the name of one whom Admiral Dewey allowed to be transported with his immediate followers from China, where he had been fostered by our Consul, upon a government vessel. And, more to the purpose, as soon as he landed at Cavité, on May 19th, to raise again the rebel flag, not soon to be hauled down, he was lib-

erally supplied with modern martial equipment out of the plentiful Spanish stores in the arsenal.

The earlier history of the Philippine Colony is that of all under the Spanish scepter ; the iron hand is only relaxed that the slave may breathe again and do another day's work.

The natives, meek though they are for the main part, had enough of the human spirit to revolt now and then, and try to throw off the insufferable yoke. Ignorant as the masses are, they had leaders who had caught a glimpse of freedom in other spots, in travels in Europe or our more enlightening lands. These on their return, simultaneously with the Cubans, in that freedom's fight never done, organized a Revolutionary Junta, which kept galling the Viceroy's side.

Steel and garotte had done their utmost without avail, but it was thought that gold would serve the purpose better ; though gold was the metal impoverished Spain had the least of, it was found for the pacification of the Philippines.

In 1897, it was telegraphed to the world in general and for the rejoicing of the Spanish bondholder in particular, that the Philippine Insurrection was at an end. Unable to procure arms through the excellent *cordon* around the islands at last completed by the masters, the rebels were helpless and their chiefs had listened to the counselor, aided by the music of rattling coin.

The *Junta Patriotica*, with whom the agent of Spain had dealt, was composed of a president, home, foreign, and war secretary. The president, Aguinaldo, and a kinsman filled two of the offices.

Emilio Aguinaldo y Famos, born of a good provincial family of Cavité, was educated at Manila for the legal profession.

As in France, the bar leads to the barricade or the

judge's bench just as the advocate speaks for people or patrician.

He was actively concerned in the opposition afield against the tyrants in the fall of 1896, but he did not become a leader until a noted insurrectionist, Dr. Rizal, was executed and left him a place in the Rebel Cabinet.

As president, he had the management of the negotiation on the weaker side.

Eight hundred thousand Mexican dollars, say half that amount in our currency, was the bribe, for all the arms the Junta's followers held to be given up, while these active though unfaithful spirits were prudently to go away from the islands and stay aloof at the will of the Home Government. They were to use all their influence while at home in disbanding and disarming their forces, and keep up the peaceful arguments from a distance.

Neither of the parties trusted the other—" *Arcades ambo*," or, as Lord Byron translated it: "Blackguards both!" So, while Home Secretary of the Revolutionists Artacho surrendered to the Captain-General of the Philippines as a hostage, his chief went to neutral ground, that is, Hong Kong, the British trading-port of China, to receive the first instalment of the cash.

Half the money, as earnest, was, in truth, waiting in the bank there.

So Aguinaldo telegraphed that Artacho could be let loose. He, too, hurried to the spot, in hot haste, to finger his share of the hush money.

Artacho wanted to have the funds to divide it among the leaders according to their rank, in which case he would have a lion's share. But Aguinaldo, more honorably, insisted that it was a trust fund to be held until it was seen how the Spaniards carried out their side of the contract. If they behaved ill,

the money would be justly used in renewing the war ! Artacho had attached the deposit however, so that no one could handle it, unless his embargo was removed. He was finally calmed by a plaster of five thousand. The rest was turned into the exchequer of the rebellion, and the Spanish are believed to know that it was thus spent.

The treaty between insurrectionists and royalists was signed and, as usual in these mock "pacifications," the party of the first part began to cheat and distort the clauses.

Insurgents who had been sent into penal servitude—and the horrors of Spanish convicts deserve a page alongside that of Russia's—were not released according to proviso. Other leaders were punished as soon as they fell into the soldiers' hands ; and the whole colony was bled worse than before ; it was Dr. Sangrado in office, without even replacing the vital fluid he drew with warm water.

The reforms promised were important and extensive, too much so for their execution to be believed other than a delusion. Restrict the powers of the religious orders—this to be done by the Most Catholic of Monarchies ! Let the Philippines be properly represented in the Spanish *Cortez* (Congress)—Lord North would sooner have greeted a Quaker or a Mohican on the peers' benches in the House of Lords ! Justice and law to be the same for native and Spaniard in the colonies ! Natives to hold offices ! what would the nobles' younger sons do ! and, most outrageous of pledges to be believed honest—the press was to be free !

It is with such treaties that Satan fires up his furnaces !

Not only were none of the promises put into fact, but the contrary was the course.

The Captain-General, Primo de Rivera, was called

home in order that a successor might be substituted who would not know the real state of the case and how the natives, merchants and foreigners regarded the rebellion. If a few pardons were granted, perhaps, to traitors, the general amnesty was never issued. The religious orders were given enlarged power, those that caused the outbreak at the first being signally honored. Before General de Rivera departed, he denied there was any agreement, and had executions take place of persons who had his own assurance they would be protected. But he returned to Spain, to receive his reward for this sham "pacification"—a grand cross of one order or another! He was a "Prince of Peace" after the manner of Godoy, because he had killed those who might cry out against him!

The Filipinos urge these breaches as grounds for their renewing the insurrection, and this time not to be blocked by words, words and more words!

Aguinaldo, whom his countrymen believe not to have any of the Spanish coin stuck to his fingers, must have thought the renewal of the conflict far from hopeful. He was on the way to Europe, when the news reached him at Singapore that the *Maine* man-of-war had been mysteriously blown up in Havana Harbor. Familiar with the Spanish, he guessed that this was no accident, and that it could not be explained away or smoothed over with Banco-de-Espana shin-plasters to the astute Yankees. So he sniffed the gigantic typhoon brewing and retraced his steps. Like the petrel, he might gather his support out of the havoc wrought by the tempest inevitably about to burst on his country's enslaver.

In Singapore he opened negotiations with our consul, Mr. Pratt, and he claims that he was led on to believe that the independence of the Philippines

would be his reward if he helped the United States to oust the Spanish.

He is not so foolish, having extraordinary intelligence for one of his race, which are not dolts, as to credit a consul with authority to pledge his government, but we must acknowledge that when he landed in Manila Bay and found our Admiral lord of the sea, but unable to drive the Spanish out of the city because he could not hold it down if it were vacated, he might reasonably think his furnishing the land forces desired would justify even high pretensions for recompense.

When war was certain, though not yet proclaimed, Aguinaldo hastened to Hong Kong to try to accompany the Admiral to the scene of strife. This attempt is what led to the romantic story that he did so sail with him and even piloted him through the inlet into Manila Bay ! It is as likely as that he furnished him with a chart of the port, with the places of the submarine defenses laid down !—as if the rebels would have been so far in the confidence of the Royal Navy !

There was one Filipino on board, it is granted, but it was an interpreter in case any fishermen were picked up to be impressed as pilot.

The only fact known is, that after being about the Consulate in Hong Kong most persistently, Aguinaldo and his cohort, securing a pass from the Admiral, were shipped by Consul-General Wildman, who was always the Rebel President's good friend, to be landed at Cavité, with what authority his traveling under the American flag may give.

The foreigners thought he was our ally, in a more or less humble way. And the natives, naturally, believed he had secured all but our open adhesion.

It was gladly rumored among our men that the home country was at last properly roused to the

dead-lock at Manila. It was reported on all sides, on the faith of family letters, that a regular army was being put on transports at San Francisco, that a volunteer army was being raised to the same end, and that not only were supply vessels being chartered, at least, but that monitors were bound for Cavité. Oh, to have had ten regiments and a couple of field batteries on the main land, then !

Aguinaldo was intensely active : he issued, after the style of the Spanish-Filipinos, proclamation on proclamation. He more than hinted that the United States, which had frightened the old foe of his country out of South America, and the French out of Mexico, and were expelling their own tyrant from Cuba, their sister-sufferer, was about to give them the helping hand to finish the struggle renewed.

He proposed a Dictatorship (himself in the office) and an Advisory Council, until there was a free Philippines ! He forbade farther parleying with the Spanish, as their words only preluded active deception. He would treat as spies all Spanish who came to treat with him unless they had credentials to allow independence and make a binding peace. The Filipino who bargained about his country was to be hanged and labeled "Traitor to his Nativeland !"

He farther decreed, quite with enlightenment :

Foreigners are to be respected in their lives and liberties. This included Chinese, and even those Spanish who had not borne arms against the Filipinos or actively abetted the Spanish ; the enemy who surrendered shortly was to be also shielded in goods and person.

Hospitals, ambulances and the like were to be respected, unless their guards showed fight. As for infringers of these laws, they were to be court-martialed and shot if their acts had caused bloodshed, incendiarism, robbery or riot.

It was as good a *pronunciamento* as the Spaniards, masters in this high-faluting composition, could publish.

Thanks to these utterances, and what was left of the money before mentioned, General Aguinaldo had collected a thousand men in a week (May 29th), under his flag, which is a red band above a blue one, with a white diamond partly showing with its point away from the staff.

They had no uniform, it is true, which matters nothing where a man is prone to fight in the Georgia colonel's costume—a shirt-collar and a pair of spurs—that is, a blouse and a straw hat; but his followers lacked weapons. They had not even the *machete* of the Cubans.

Admiral Dewey came gallantly to their relief. He could not but admire this rabble which, however, had already shaken the Spaniard in his stronghold and made him shrink from engaging them in the marshes. He had plenty of small arms and appurtenances abandoned in the Cavité arsenal, and he supplied his improvised auxiliaries, together with ammunition; they were mostly Mauser rifles, and some lookers-on did not hesitate to affirm that the rebels were now armed better than the Americans would be who were hastening over-sea to succor them.

It was necessary to arm them well, as the Spanish had sent the pick of their military into the East Indies.

Moreover, Aguinaldo had certainly been applying some of the Spanish “reptile-fund” to patriotic purposes, as a small steamer arrived from China carrying for them three thousand Remington breech-loaders with cartridges complete.

Those who have seen the most stolid savage melt and break out into ecstasy over a weapon of such

price as he never dreamt to possess, may conceive the joy of the insurgents at this armament.

The Americans began to be more cheerful themselves as advices came to hand, showing that, at length, supplies and men were on the long way. The Cruiser *Charleston* might be soon expected, as she had left San Francisco with provisions, if no troops.

On May 25th, the transports *City of Peking*, *City of Sydney*, and the *Australia*, all British, since we had no merchant reserve to draw upon in the Pacific, sailed out of the Golden Gate with not only two thousand five hundred soldiers, but a year's supply of food, with naval stores, and the peculiar ammunition for the machine and other complicated ship guns.

If the Filipinos, armed at last, were not affected by this good intelligence, they were inspired into making short work of their long-time foe. In the night of the 26th, General Aguinaldo sent five hundred of his choicest irregulars over Bakor Creek, which is to the southward of Old Cavité, in order to separate the Spanish garrison there from another troop at the Powder Magazine. The Americans could follow the movement in a measure as the Filipinos, like our Southwestern savages, use fire-pillars by day and smoke-columns by night as a mode of signaling. In this case, to give the heated vapor a shape, they used a stove-pipe, on the beach, the stopping of the fumes being managed by clapping a hat over the orifice.

The five hundred succeeded in making prisoners of all the soldiers on the shore, except at Old Cavité, better protected by the Old Church and the strong walls of other ecclesiastical buildings. The ancient Spanish were no "jerry" builders: they used such good mortar that in places one may see it firm in

the chinks, while the stone has crumbled away in course of time.

It was said that, for a novelty, the Spanish were housed fairly and treated better than ever before in the guerrilla warfare of the islands. American influence was already ameliorating conditions.

CHAPTER X.

SUCCESS OF THE REBELS.—AN AMUSING EPISODE.—
BULLYING AND BACKING DOWN.—THE PEACE.—
DISAPPOINTMENT TO THE INSURGENTS.

HANGING back from assaulting Old Cavité, the rebels gradually drove the enemy into the improvised fort of the church there, and sat down to besiege them, hoping to starve them out.

It was known, about the opening of June, that Admiral Dewey had his replacing officer designated in Rear-Admiral J. C. Watson, who was *en route* to take over the arduous office of overcoming the Spanish and dealing with the insurrection.

But it was not supposed that Dewey would quit until the Philippines were quieted.

On the 13th of June, it was reported that the insurgents had captured 2,500 prisoners. There was no knowing what to do with them. The captors had a difficulty as well as a repugnance to feeding and caring for them; their own comrades, hemmed in at Manila, wanted no more companions in misery, and, logically, they could not be "cabined, cribbed and confined" on board the fleet.

On the head of this came the news that a thousand more, harassed, famished and hunted till footsore, had also surrendered to the natives,

These felt "the embarrassment of"—poverty—not of riches.

Here occurred another of those laughable events which makes the Muse of history soften her stern features and wear a fleeting smile.

Our cruiser, the *Charleston*, as stated, had left the Californian port on the 22d of the previous month, conveying the three vessels forming the first Manila Relief Expedition.

On the 20th day of June she reached the Ladrone Islands.

These waters have their tragic memories, for, to say nothing of numerous piracies and cannibalistic feasts on their coral strands, Magellan was slain by the savages of Samar, and his expedition, dwindled down to one ship and less than twenty men, returned to Spain in melancholy straits.

But the anticipated resistance was not encountered in even the faintest degree.

The man-of-war steamed into Port San Luis d'Apra, Island of Guam, and fired thirteen shells at the fortifications. There was no response, but two small boats put out from shore and approached the cruiser. They contained the captain of the port and the health officer, who apologized for not returning the salute, owing to the fact that the proper means were not at their disposal.

Captain Glass, of the *Charleston*, astonished the Spanish officers by telling them that his guns had been fired, not as a salute, but as a demand for surrender. The Spaniards, like the master of the gunboat *Callao*, cut off entirely from the outside world, were quite unaware that war had been declared between the United States and Spain.

Lieutenant Braunersreuther, with a force of marines, went ashore, notified the Governor of the condition of affairs, and demanded his surrender.

This official, Señor José Marina, was thunderstruck. He and his staff were taken on board the *Charleston*, and the next day started for Manila, after seeing the Stars and Stripes waving over the government buildings.

The newcomers reported that two or more monitors were coming to make Manila a certain American stronghold.

It was time. One Power was beginning to loom up as a menace.

The German difficulty may be recounted at this page.

Spain had long ago found her distant possessions, with their dissatisfied and turbulent populations, white elephants on her hands.

In 1835, her French creditors being clamorous under the reign of the "Citizen-King" Louis Philippe, when Stock Exchange operations were becoming a weighty element in governmental politics, she proposed selling them to France.

Cuba was offered at thirty millions of dollars and Porto Rico and the Philippines, lotted together as at an auction sale, were fixed at ten millions. The French clutched at the former prize, to augment their West Indian colonies, sadly curtailed by the British spoliations in recent wars, but gibed at paying the rate settled for the other articles.

Lord Palmerston, Prime Minister of England, was agreed on as arbitrator, and he said that these were estimated too highly. This demurrer offended the Spanish grandee who was the salesman and, in a huff, he literally flung the papers into the fire, and threw up the negotiation.

Now, in 1898, up came a similar possible escape from the dilemma. But it was obligatory to deal sharply—as it was even now the selling of a bone in the dog's mouth, since the Philippines were under

the guns of Dewey. And the monitors, of which the European navies have always had a good opinion as harbor defenders, were coming.

It leaked out that the Spanish Premier, Sagasta, pushed to do something to relieve the tension in Madrid, where the Queen Regent threatened to abdicate and leave the realm between Carlists and Republicans, was angling for the Germans to intervene. He proposed for five hundred million marks, or twenty million dollars (the price had gone up in sixty years !), to allow the Kaiser Wilhelm to establish a protectorate over the debatable islands—the Americans to the contrary notwithstanding ! Thereupon, the Spanish would devote the money to effectually prosecuting the Cuban War !

Little did he foresee what would happen to Cervera's fleet before another Fourth of July should dawn.

More or less in consequence of this project, the Germans began to show a troublesome front in the Asiatic seas.

On the other hand, it looked as if the Royal Government would soon have no leg at home to stand on, while trying to sell what was only nominally in the market. The Cortez was dissolved—all was at sixes-and-sevens—(not the Spanish funds, very much lower !) and martial law was proclaimed in Madrid.

In this month of June, there came before Manila, sixteen hundred soldiers on four German war-ships of their East Asian Squadron. This manifestation was ostensibly to protect German interests in those waters, which, at Manila, at all events, did not amount to a paper of pins. Something of this sort, it may be recalled, instigated the Samoan imbroglio. It required all of our Admiral's tact, rock-like firmness, inflexible courtesy and exalted trust in our manifest destiny in this quarter of the globe, to avoid an international

struggle to which the brief crushing of effete Spain in the far East would be as a tempest in a tea-pot.

On all sides were causes of irritation from these interlopers. German officers are exceedingly yielding as regards their superiors, but they will show arrogance and a quarrelsome air towards strangers. This has been prevalent since the Franco-Prussian War.

The word seemed passed that bones should be thrown out every day to have a *casus belli* before our reinforcements, military and naval, were actually landed to change the whole face of the American capture.

The German officers landed in Manila to be greeted there by their Spanish compeers as though they were brothers, certainly sympathetic if not absolutely friendly. More than once, after the blockade was in force, the Germans made a flourish of saluting the Spanish flag as if to be conspicuous, not to say solitary, as the British and the French did not notice it; while the Japanese, flushed with their triumph over the Chinese lifting them into prominence as a naval power, only once paid it any deference.

It looked as if the German officers had free leave to go on shore, carrying news to their intimates in the Spanish trenches, where they had the run of the place as if they intended to post their marines there by and by.

“The local press” of Manila (one official paper) boldly assured “their” readers that the subjects of the Kaiser were allies and would at once unmask if the “Yankee Porkers” attempted any overt roughness to the threatened but still unconquered sons of the Cid.

The day has gone by since Bismarck, asked if England and Germany would ever fight, replied with grim humor :

“Does a bull-dog attack a whale?” meaning that England was unassailable upon the ocean.

The current talk on the waters was ominous as concerned the prospect of peace.

The French sailors openly talked of the part they would take towards “the Great Revenge,” nursed since Sedan, in case the Germans and Americans came to loggerheads; the British, with all that old amity tersely put by our captain in the Chinese waters who said, on rescuing British seamen drowning under the Chinese forts: “Blood is thicker than water!” made no pretense to withhold signs that they would be ranged alongside the *Olympia* to turn the ram against the Kaiser’s fleet; the Japanese were likely to assist the natives if only for a fellow feeling for the color.

It was even hinted, in this chaos of contention, that Japan was in the market, too, to acquire the Philippines;—such as we did not care to manage!

The culmination of this ferment was near when the German Admiral, Diederichs, was given to understand with that bluntness which pierced through courtesy worn threadbare, that any craft, even the German, that got between the American guns and the Spanish ones, ran the risk without farther warning of being blown out of water and being hurled more or less in an unserviceable condition into the Spanish lines.

The German commander protested that no offense was meant, and said, in proof of which, that he was lessening the strength of his squadron: indeed, he detached two or three of the lighter vessels; but it was a sham maneuver, for these retired only a little way off, to Cebu, Mariveles and Subig Bay, whence they could have been recalled by the firing of cannon in conflict.

On the 17th June, the *McCullough*, which was a

perfect Wandering Jew of the waters, in cruising about Corregidor Island, hailed the German frigate *Irene*—"Want to speak you!" But the other ignored the pert little thing, and would have continued her way but for a small boat putting out to intercept her. The *Irene's* captain excused his not stopping as he had not understood the signal.

This *Irene* was apparently chosen as a mischief-maker. She was wont to patrol the shore like a dog nosing out a fight.

In July, she came upon a coasting-steamer called the *Filipinas*, by the insurgents. This had been in the Spanish merchant service, and owned by Spaniards, but on a voyage the native crew had mutinied, under pretense of being inflamed with patriotism, killed the dozen Spaniards who officered them, and hoisted the Rebel colors.

She had about half her cargo in, of tobacco, that is, three hundred tons, when she saw the German cruiser. Thinking it an enemy of some sort, she ran to hide in the coves of Subig Bay, where the *Irene* ferreted her out. The Germans threatened that she would be made a prize of and sent into Manila, with her crew as prisoners, unless she pulled down her unrecognized flag and, at least, hoisted the neutral one of white.

They refused, and word was sent ashore. This was forwarded to the Americans, supposed to be the only ones authorized by rights of war "to police" the coast.

Directly afterwards, the insurgents cleared the coast around Subig of the Spanish, who took refuge with wounded, sick and some women, on the Isla Granda, near the mouth of Subig Bay. Here the *Irene* stood in and haughtily warned the rebels to quit hostilities and leave their prey alone.

It was this conduct which caused the insurgents, very properly, to acquaint the new American "Captain-General" at Manila with the intelligence of the upstart.

Dewey sent the *Raleigh* and the *Concord* in haste to the spot, whence the *Irene*, nowise desirous to be pinched betwixt them, made off without either explanations or excuses, and the Spanish waited in vain for her encouragement in the future.

On the Fourth of July, while the thrilling news of the destruction of Cervera's fleet at Santiago was in the air, our troops were landed from the relief fleet at Cavité.

The soldiers, who were received with lusty cheers, which also beat out the chances of success in a German interference, brought the tidings that more troops were on the way, under command of a Major-General, H. G. Otis.

On the 25th of July, landed Brigadier-General Merritt to take command of the land forces, preceding General Otis.

Born a New Yorker, he entered West Point from Illinois July 1, 1855. He was a second lieutenant when the war broke out, and became a captain of the Second Cavalry April 5, 1862. He became brigadier-general of volunteers June 29, 1863; brevet major-general, October 19, 1864, and major-general of volunteers April 1, 1865. He re-entered the Regular Army as lieutenant-colonel of the Ninth Cavalry July 28, 1866, was made colonel of the Fifth Cavalry ten years later, and received his present commission April 16, 1887. He earned his commission as major-general of volunteers for gallant services in the Virginia campaign, and received his brevet title of major-general for the same reason.

There was to be no farther dilly-dallying, although the army of the U. S. A. on foot was not numerous.

Nevertheless, the Spanish were undermined with insufficiency of food, cowed by the rebels who had gradually driven them all into the town or under cover, and, perhaps—according to deserters' stories, tired of the whole affair, which was considered desperate.

Practically all the Spanish on Luzon were now beleaguered in Manila. On the side not menaced by our troops, the rebels presented an impassable array. There was a joint notice from Admiral Dewey and General Merritt that all non-combatants must quit the city within forty-eight hours or abide the result of the combined attack from the regulars, volunteers and blue-jackets.

Surrounded, and the inhabitants being on the verge of starvation, the Commandant, General Jaudenes, begged time to communicate with Madrid and receive his final orders.

This was on the 7th of August.

The piteous appeal reached Madrid while Peace was overcoming the last ebullitions of Spanish pride, suffering the sorest blow to her prestige which she had ever known since the doom of the Armada.

Montejo's fleet and Cervera's had suffered the same unsparing fate. The home fleet, under Admiral Camara, had been a "flying" one in full acceptance of the title.

Its behavior had certainly given its seamen plenty of change of air. It had hovered over the Spanish coast, lest an American fleet should arrive and bombard Cadiz, Barcelona or San Sebastian; it had started to fall upon Dewey, but had been stopped in the gates of the Suez Canal by the ignoble plea that it should not pass unless it paid the tonnage fees! Unfortunately, the naval chest was not in funds and all had to wait until the cash was, by some desperate expedient, obtained from the Capital—Spanish bonds

trembling with paresis ! and then—had to return for want of coal !

Admiral Camara was like the king of nursery lore, who “marched up the hill and then—marched down again !”

Commodore Watson was at the head of a flying squadron collected to go across the Atlantic and, if Camara continued to head for Manila, to overtake him ; or, if that failed, to follow him up and perhaps crush him between his vessels and Dewey's at Manila. A glorious consummation but, however devoutly wished for, by those who trusted to wipe out the tyrant Spain from the map of Europe, where she has been a sanguinary blot, nothing like that occurred.

Camara moored again in Spanish waters and fired no gun at the American colors.

As sailors said, in their vulgar way but truthfully, “Spain had the sick !”

Since 1897, they had undergone a great undeceiving in the Old Country.

Then, the returning General Primo de Rivera had been proclaimed “the Pacificator of the Philippines.” The rejoicing was great and Madrid was draped in bunting and illuminated.

We have set down what the real terms were, but they were differently stated for the Spanish people. All was tinted in rose. It looked a little dubious that the organizer of the Rebellion, Rizal the Younger, had disappeared, but no importance was attached to what he might undertake to avenge his father and revive the extinguished flame. At Christmas, 1897, the rebel leaders, Aguinaldo at the head, were to sign the definitive treaty at Lingayen whither they were being conducted by the soldiery, whom the terms of peace showed up, said the Government, “in perfect honor !”

This peace with the Filipinos was to leave Spain to devote all means and men to subduing Cuba.

A mere handful of rebels, mainly deserters, it was admitted, remained up in the inaccessible mountains, probably commanded by Rizal.

He, for one, would be an Irreconcilable because of his talented father being done to death.

This Dr. José Rizal, it was now acknowledged, was a loss to the Eastern country. He was of nearly pure Castilian stock, handsome, gentlemanly, scientific, linguistic, poetical and romantic. He had written novels in English as well as his native Spanish, which latter were being read in Spain, with too late regret that he had been shot in October, 1896, as a rebel.

The military, seeing that this Filipino martyr was so deplored, hastened to wash their hands of it. Rivera intimated, like Pilate, that he was only obeying Caiaphas in dealing out death.

This was the only discord in the notes of rejoicing.

But that handful of rebels up in the mountains had become quite an army now investing Manila, and the Parliamentary Opposition talked of inquiring into the whole management of the Philippines!

The Queen had been dissuaded from abdicating. In addition, she and the Old Party had been persuaded to listen to reason, and to reason with the Americans about a giving up of all the haughty traditions of the shattered country, without a navy worthy of the name!

Every man would be wanted to defend the throne if the Americans were let continue their career.

It was the deadly and irrepressible foe of monarchy that was marching under the Stars and Stripes. As our President well said:

“From Plymouth Rock to the Philippines, the

grand triumphant march of Human Liberty has never paused !”

Once, Spain was a Republic—this must not occur again, said priest, noble and soldier.

In a man, “the first treasure is Life,” says Dumas ; in a realm it is the Crown.

So Spain called upon France to save her from the extremity which loomed up horribly.

Towards the end of July, while Dewey was sharpening his sword for a finishing stroke, the French Minister in Washington imparted the desire of Spain to learn on what conditions she might hope to be at peace. The answer was speedy and succinct. Without going into detail, particularly as regarded monetary matters like indemnities, Cuba was to be handed over with utter renunciation of sovereignty, and it was to be immediately evacuated by the Spanish soldiery ; Porto Rico and all the remainder of the Spanish West Indian possessions were to be ceded to the United States and evacuated by the military powers ; Guam in the Ladrões was to be similarly set aside for the conquerors. As for the Philippines, the United States were to retain all of Manila and its vicinity which it held, while the treaty of peace was to define the manner of disposing that colony hereafter.

Not a word was breathed about the destruction of the *Maine*, the root from which sprang all the bloodshed and ruin to the diminished kingdom.

These preliminaries were not kept from our press, and such publicity clashing with the secret diplomatic methods of Europe and especially of Spain, she took offense at it, but that was of no consequence. It was submit or perish.

She stood alone ; her bondholders wanted some substance snatched out of the wreck to appease them. Germany dared no longer thrust out an itch-

ing paw towards the prize escaping surely from her covetous eyes ; a little hope that, in case of war, her subjects in America would return to her allegiance vanished, for the German-Americans, in numerous meetings, affirmed their adopted country of their steadfast allegiance, as proven in the Civil War, its records adorned by such names as Rosencrantz, as the Revolutionary one was by Steuben and Pulaski.

On the instant that Spain accepted the conditions, suspension of hostilities was telegraphed to our commanders all over the world.

This calling off the dogs of war came in time to stop a battle in Porto Rico, but, though despatched to the Pacific on the 12th of August, did not reach there until the 16th.

Napoleon the Great has said that a battle can be won in a quarter of an hour.

Admiral Dewey has shown that one can be fought and won in the short space of a treaty of peace being signed and countersigned.

On the 13th of August, a division of the fleet opened on Malate, and the southern side of Manila, shelling the works and covering our trenches through which our soldiers advanced and, emerging, leaped into the enemy's outworks and stormed them. Eleven thousand prisoners formed the harvest of the day. None of the vessels and none of their crew received injuries.

General Merritt's men kept the foe on the retreat until they were huddled within the old city walls, where, under the guns of the fleet, resistance was hopeless.

Our loss among the land forces, some of whose fighting was at close quarters, was thirteen killed and forty-seven wounded.

General Jaudanes at last submitted to the inevitable, not trying to adjourn it until "the manana,"

or waiting in the stereotyped way for confirmation from Madrid. The Central Government was worth nothing when the Yankees pushed them, literally, to the wall. Our victorious forces carried their commander-in-chief into the Viceroy's palace where the officers came to lay down their arms.

After the precedent of a Northern soldier raising the flag over surrendered Santiago, setting the seal on our conquest of Cuba, to a Southern hand, Lieutenant Brumby's, of Georgia, was chosen to hoist it to envelop in its folds the highest mast of Manila. It was a sublimely emphatic token how the "Blue and the Gray march under one flag—we have but the one flag now!—the same that our grandfathers lifted up."

The treaty of peace could come now—peace was, in fact, concluded.

All was delight around the beaten ones; the insurgents expected that all their hopes and wishes, so long and dearly cherished, would be realized. These hopes were shortly dashed to earth. For, a day or two later, came the President's terrible decision on a most urgent point:

"Permit no joint occupation with the Insurgents."

This was publicly proclaimed to the people by order of General Merritt. All the assertions and promises of the agitators were uprooted by this decree; after this, it was clear that the Americans had the upper hand and meant to keep it high.

Still, whatever the disappointment, there was no enmity created of a sudden. On the other hand, on the 24th August, there was a conference between the Insurrectionists and our chiefs, with the declaration from the former that they were still willing to co-operate with their brothers-in-arms, and that they would surrender their arms—owed in part to them—if they were assured of protection.

Certain that this was a true submission, General

Merritt left the captured city to respond to the call for him to attend the Peace Conference at Paris.

During August, the peace treaty had been drawn up, discussed, edited and put into permanent shape. The protocol had been duly approved and signed by both parties, and they had selected the distinguished gentlemen to represent them at the Congress.

The American soldiers and sailors waited on their arms and by their guns in the two hemispheres, regretful for the most part that their work seemed utterly concluded.

“There is many a slip”—of the dogs of war.

Havoc was again to be let loose, at least in the Orient.

CHAPTER XI.

REFORMS STARTLE THE NATIVES.—DOUBT AND DISBELIEF.—DEWEY REPLIES TO IMPERTINENCE, AND TO NATIVE IMPUDENCE.—THE OUTBREAK OF A FRESH WAR.

As we had determined, none too soon, to take the Philippines in hand, whether it was to be ruled as a colony or a territory, a Commission was appointed to make the people understand that our military and naval operations had been wholly directed against their expelled foe and tyrant, the Spaniard.

The Commission held the first meeting at Manila, in March, and issued an explanatory and reassuring proclamation on the 4th of April, 1899.

To an ignorant and uninstructed population of whom only a paltry selection were not satisfied with daily bread and an occasional *festa*, the new promises were incomprehensible or incredible.

They included wonderful words: Good Will, Hon-

est Civil Service, Free Schools, encouragement of Industry, lessening of taxes and their application to maintaining the government and serving public ends; and so on.

The supremacy of the United States was set forth as primary and unalterable; hence, the natives had only exchanged one set of rulers for another, with the new ones untried, except that, in martial power, they were superior to the banished Spanish.

Self-government was to come, as far as agreed with American views—just what the removed functionaries had always sung in Spanish.

Civil rights were guaranteed; and, yet, the military lorded over them; merely a change in the uniform; the sword was still bared.

“Equality before the law.” This was out of possible belief. It seemed to the merchants of Manila that, still as before, relatives or familiars of the principal officers obtained passes for merchandise and carried on a coasting trade in the teeth of the blockaders, which resembled to a nicety all that previously went on under the Red-and-yellow.

It is true the old curfew law had fallen into disuse, the one which allowed no music even in a private house unless by special permission, to be paid for—but the provost-marshal’s edicts wore a similar air.

The Civil Service was to include the natives! that was so, on the face of it, in other days; only, no one was esteemed fit for it; “as far as practicable,” is a phrase which it is difficult to surmount under such circumstances.

All taxes were to support the local and national government and provide for public improvements. Good! A while before, of the annual budget of 180 million *pesetas*, two-thirds went to the Established Church, while the rest was taken by the Government, with nothing ever showing for it.

Certainly, it had not gone for national defense, since the enemy had found antiquated guns and crumbling walls; not for roads, since they were "corduroy," in bamboo; not for bridges, bamboo again, and mended by every one who came to cross the torrents; not for public edifices, for—excepting the churches, creditable in any part of the world, and the Spanish authorities' palaces—town-halls, theaters, savings banks, insurance offices, these were *nil*. Taxes were eventually to be reduced—it was time to trim the poll-tax especially, as it bore on the day-laborer at a wage of five cents a day!

Local trade was to be furthered. It would have to be created, in a country where farm produce and garden-truck was forbidden to be sold; it should be bartered only, while a tax in kind was exacted, this cess being sold *for cash* in the market-place by the tithe-gatherers!

Public schools were announced, after the American mode, of which the Filipinos cannot conceive a faint notion. All primary education is under the ecclesiastics, confined to the catechism and the calendar of saints; there are no normal or high schools; as the rich and mercantile classes have private tutors, and the richest send their children to Europe. The children go to school for an hour during two days of the week, since they must learn to work; no writing at all is taught to them. As there is no currency in the rural districts, to teach arithmetic were futile.

"Religious freedom is assured." There is no diversity of creed. There was a fierce outbreak because a marriage was performed by the chaplain, among Protestants, at the British Consulate! The islanders are excited against us because it was heralded that we came to burn and plunder the churches and convents—the very buildings which the Spanish converted into forts from which to impede our ad-

vance. And still more humorous, it is "Aguinaldo and his crew" who stipulated in their Declaration of Independence that the members of religious orders should quit their islands and their property should be confiscated to the public good. Exactly the act of the Spanish Republicans when they temporarily held power, at Madrid.

It is true that the Revolutionists were able to point to the error in the Archbishop of Manila's foresight when he assured the Spaniard that he was invincible and that Dewey's guns would never force him out of the Philippines.

Perhaps, though, what impelled many a waverer into the opposite ranks was a rumor that we, with our cold, Anglo-Saxon morality, came to curtail the national sports and pastimes: cock-fighting, the vice of the Archipelago; bull-fighting, the Spanish pet diversion, and the Colonial Lottery, a parody of that which battened on Cuba; in this, the prizes range from \$500 to \$80,000 with portions to accommodate the slenderest purse; the monthly drawings were presided over by dignitaries of the State, military and Church, to "see fair!"

It turned over \$200,000 annually to Church and State, and morally ruined the people.

The main part of our inducements to accept the new yoke was not understood, and the rest was not believed.

It follows that Aguinaldo, young as he was—only thirty, but in the tropics this is accounted the prime—look to the field not only with as strong an army as ever he commanded, but with more secret adherents in the towns than ever before.

While, in August, the Dewey Fleet was battering Malate fortifications and our troops forcing their way into the capital, the insurgents, though informed that they were not wanted (while utterly

ignored as to the military movements in which they had thought to cooperate) endeavored to make an entry also. Everywhere repulsed, and at the butt of the rifle, they had finally to be forced out, though they were only following up the Spanish whom they had kept on the run out of the country into the town.

After the surrender, they were officially requested to quit the municipal limits.

They assembled at Malabon, and issued a protest on their treatment, from the re-established Patriotic Congress.

They accused us of bad faith; declared that we had profited by their beating the Spanish to strike the final blow, and appealed to all our authorities to say if they had not graciously acceded to every request put to them to further the liberation of their fatherland.

Their forces were augmenting, but under eyes which had a great contempt for them, as the Anglo-Saxon entertains for those of another color. The newly-landed Western volunteers classed them with the other "yellow-bellies," that is, "Japs," "Chinee," Malays, and "the riff-raff" of the Asiatic seas.

While this storm-cloud was thickening on our front, Admiral Dewey was perplexed by the details which swarmed upon his administration of the thousand affairs of the port. Knowing that his desired relief was at hand, he was putting things in order, like the faithful steward; some of the anxiety about reinforcements was removed, but they came in so draggingly.

If only on the instant that news of his destruction of the Spanish Asiatic squadron reached Washington, the national mind had been made up there that the Philippines were to be ours eternally, and

all the regular soldiers on foot had been shipped out of the Golden Gate, perhaps the Filipinos would not have dared to raise their standard against their deliverers.

None seemed to have a clear sense of his situation, needs and diurnal plagues.

One day, somebody, in a bureau at the Capital, cabled him to know what he was collecting so much coal for at Manila. This was at a nick when he might have had to battle for the prize with an European power.

Prolix was the inquiry in spite of the cost ; terse and economical was the reply :

“To burn !”

Then the natives, eager to profit by the interregnum, were assiduous in testing the mettle of the new rulers and all to improve their peddling coast trade.

Smuggling was going on ; even an American did not shrink from playing the traitor, in masking his ship under a false name and supplying the rebels with arms which would surely, to the informed, be used speedily against us.

Suavity no longer concealed the “strength in the right.”

A visitor to the Islands, at this time, tells an amusing anecdote of the new Governor’s mode of dealing with the natives, who, cringing and obsequious to their late tyrants, believed that in the unassuming, reserved and tranquil Americans, they had found the opposite type.

Like many an Eastern port, Cavité has no dockage facilities. Goods are transferred from the ships to the warehouses by means of surf-boats known as “cascoes.” These are owned by separate boatmen or held in flotillas by contractors. One of these made an arrangement with Admiral-Governor Dewey

to carry merchandise and comestibles for the ships to his vessel, among others. When he had finished his job, he determined to present his bill, which was in his eyes a considerable amount, to the representative of Uncle Sam, in person.

To do the more honor to his illustrious creditor, he arrayed himself in the court dress of the Orientals, namely, an old-fashioned Parisian evening dress-suit, with enormous tie in the style of 1832, high Gladstonian collar, cuffs "shot" well outward over his brown paws, an embroidered white shirt; and, literally above all, a gossamer silk stove-pipe hat. This had been the acme of all eyes in the *Calle Real* since two seasons.

When he arrived beside the flag-ship and was shown into the cabin, he was rather the more proud in his new feathers by being confronted by the admiral at his table, clad in the very simple undress of light apparel proper to the infernal heat and his present occupation of dealing with the business matters of the fleet.

Besides, the naval authority's manners were cool and unpretending as his attire, in spite of the reek of the powder with which Montejo had been annihilated still pervading the atmosphere.

The consequence was, that, on the errors in the bill, all to the lighterman's advantage, naturally being pointed out, he just had sense enough to see that he must not presume, as was the old method, to explain that the overcharges helped bribe the auditor, and so he protested, more and more hotly, that he was correct.

The reply was that the bill would be paid according to the original agreement without a cent more for the after-thoughts.

Now this was uttered in so mild a manner that the Filipino became more arrogant—inspired by

the high hat and high collar, and insisted upon payment, or he would show up Uncle Samuel as a delinquent.

With a wave of his hand, the admiral put an end to the discussion, observing to his orderly,

“ Drop that man overboard ! ”

The orderly passed the command to the watch on deck, and when the contractor arrived there, assisted in his upward flight by the marine on guard, the sailors plumped him into the unsavory waters of the harbor. His splendid beaver floated out to the sea, while he, a swimmer as all are of the coast islanders, regained his boat amid the merriment of even his own people who had not applauded, though they had envied the masquerader in foreign frippery.

But other than laughing matters were impending, for army and the fleet.

The scouts reported that the Insurrectionists, without any active demonstration, were drilling diligently and calling in all the idlers to be armed at their camp. Calm observers reckoned that the Aguinaldoists numbered at least ten thousand men in the swamps and jungles of Luzon.

No Americans cared to go out among them ; not even the reckless bearer of the camera venturing his precious films within their lines. Now and then, they fired guns in rejoicing ; they had cannon of large caliber ; many were well-clothed, in the “ loot ” from Cavité and other places unprotected since the withdrawal of the former conquerors and the new ones keeping to their capture. War-drums and war-fifes were heard as if some of the irreclaimable savages from the outer islands had swelled the ranks ; in spite of the rebels’ contumacy about the State Religion, mass was said over the companies going on guard-mounting.

These locusts began to eat up the land, and Manila

had a fear of famine if it had to feed both these hosts, one in its doors, the other just without them.

Nevertheless, it was not for the deliverers and would-be regenerators to fire the first shot in this new and still more painful conflict.

The revolt against the Americans broke out in February.

On Saturday night, the 4th, three or four natives sauntered up and made as if to pass by the pickets of the American volunteers at Santa Mesa, a purlieu of the capital. They were challenged, but either not understanding or not insisting, went away without any words. But they tried again and again at other points; until, at the third trial, their pertinacity incensed a corporal of the Nebraskas; his challenge being unheeded, he fired and shot two. One expired and the other was fatally injured.

The blood-feud familiar to the Filipinos was thus inaugurated, if not a war started.

To the north of Manila lies Caloocan, near the bay shore, and thence, to the rear of the city, extended the insurgents' line, to Santa Mesa. At the echo of these two shots, others broke out stragglingly all along this line, but all directed against the volunteers.

Besides the Nebraska sentries, those of South Dakota and Montana immediately responded, and the firing became hot in the dusk. No one yielded; but soon came up reinforcements. So far it seemed what military men call "an affair of outposts." Few imagined that it signified the commencement of a war.

CHAPTER XII.

▲ SKIRMISH AND A VERITABLE BATTLE.—ROUTING OUT GUERRILLAS.—FUNSTON'S FAMOUS AFFAIR.—THE DASH ACROSS THE RIVER.—DESERTERS FOR HONOR!—"WE WON'T GO HOME!"—A TRAITOR OF OUR BLOOD.

INDEED, there was nothing much done but the firing of desultory shots up to nine o'clock, when, entirely unanticipated, with the dash of prairie Indians, the Filipinos sprang out of the canebrake at a hundred gaps, flitted over the *savannah* (prairie) like phantoms and hurled themselves on the sentinels. The abruptness almost carried them through here and there, only to meet comrades coming up at the cry of "Here they are, boys!" The charge had been heard and understood at the rear, for the shaken out-guard was promptly reinforced. Overhead, the artillery joined in, to drive the audacious assailants back into their lairs.

Repulsed, but apparently still bold, the insurgents fell back, but only to gather at three points, whence the firing was handsomely maintained for irregulars.

This was the cue for Dewey's ships, running up the channel as close in as their draft allowed, to open shell-fire on the three consolidations, namely, Caloocan, Santa Mesa, and Gagalangin. The firing on all parts was kept up until early in the morning.

Many of the shells fell into the high grass of the marshes and were smothered at exploding; "The dirty beggars," said a volunteer, "are getting a mud-bath!"

In the early hours, Colonel Duboce and the First Californian Volunteers made a diversion against Paco, a suburb to the west of the town, where the insurgents had fortified the church as a fastness, and repelled the first assault; but a second was more successful, the Americans clearing the sanctuary of the desecrators and pursuing them with the bayonet at the loins, while the edifice burned behind them, fired by a dropped cartridge. Some twenty of the fugitives were killed and more than twice that number taken prisoners.

Nobody doubted now that the followers of Aguinaldo had cast off the mask and meant to do battle with us as strenuously as they had with the vanished oppressors. The cry of "Down with the Yankee hogs!" joined that "Death to the tyrants!" used to cover the ex-conquerors.

On the 25th of March, a true battle was waged in order to break the backbone of this ominous discontent.

There were as many as twelve thousand men in array on either side.

If you sail to the north, along the bay from Manila, you come to an inlet known as Malabon River. Entering a lagoon, Malabon and Caloocan will be found due east on the farther shore. The center of the United States forces was here confronted by the enemy with its center at Novaliches, northeastwardly. We had five regiments of infantry representing the Army; the Utah Artillery and three other batteries; while the volunteers hailed from Wyoming, Nebraska, which had had its "baptism of fire," South Dakota, Oregon and Minnesota, with Pennsylvania to stand for the East; the Colorado boys were present. Those who had made a laugh course through Manila, even while the cannon boomed and the smoke stifled, from the jaunty step

with which they pursued the Spanish into cover, to the tune of "There will be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night!" It was like the Irish Brigade, under General Picton, bursting upon the French at Waterloo to the dancing air of "The Young May Moon is Beaming!"

The regiments were about 800 strong.

General Hale commanded the fronting brigade; supported by those of Harrison, Hall, Gray and Otis, while Lloyd Wheaton's sheltered the rear.

The point of attack was Polo, easterly of Malabon, whence the American left extended. The plan was to enmesh the foes between the Bay, where they had no means of embarking, as our gunboats and those captured from the Spanish, added to our service, had pretty well wiped out even the long, narrow skiffs with outriggers.

The march began at dawn, on account of the coolness, though the swamp air is favorable to ague.

Two brigades, H. G. Otis'—not the general commanding, later, in-chief—and Hale's, nimbly vacated the trenches, and reached the enemy's position unobserved. Their places were taken by Hall and Wheaton, "keeping touch."

At four o'clock, a halt was made for breakfast.

It was so chilly in the sea-shore air that fires were lighted to fortify the men with a drop of hot drink; the fuel was not too dry, and as they were watched for by a foe experienced in bush-fighting, the smoke was soon espied. All idea of a surprise was soon dissipated, for trumpets were heard ahead, in the European style, the rebels having borrowed the Spanish clarions along with loot taken out of Old Cavité and other captured or abandoned positions.

As discovery was published, the advance was resumed, and most rapidly, over a mile of rugged, low-land, level country.

In the sandy soil, the insurgents had easily dug ditches three or four feet deep, banked with sod of the long eel-grass, with improvised *abattis* of the underbrush, cut with cane-knives and saber-bayonets.

The charge was made by the volunteers, yelling like collegians at football, at the double-quick. The modern and American style was in vogue, familiar to our Indian fighters—"Charge by rushes." The men advance and fire, drop, eject the cartridge and get the next ready, rise, advance, and fire; and so on until the hand-to-hand encounter may begin.

This had the same effect as in Cuba, where it puzzled the European military officers, sent to discover how we fought in "little wars."

The cheers and the firing brought no shots from the natives, singularly well in hand. It is known that they were ordered to spare their ammunition, which was scarce. At a thousand yards, they retorted, and the firing was severe across the plain. Those who had marched beside them, previous to the taking of Manila, said that they aimed lower and, indeed, the dust was seen to be thrown up, so many bullets ricocheted.

But the Americans continued their quickstep, still cheering, yelling facetiously as if it were in sport, and bearing down all opposition as at last they met.

When within two hundred yards of the main body, the latter shook, broke and fled into the thicker woods. A few who stood were mowed down by the volleys. The way was encumbered by the fallen.

The Montana Volunteers hastened up, with the Kansans, in time to complete the victory.

What was designated by the correspondents as "Colonel Funston's (of Kansas) Famous Affair" happened on April 27th. The enemy had partly de-

stroyed one of those native swinging bridges made of cane, so that the colonel's men had to swim some thirty yards to get across. They were fully dressed and carried all their accoutrements.

It was on the Rio Grande, near Calumpit, that another gallant action, to show how our soldiers can go through water as well as through fire, was performed. Two privates swam across the river in the face of the rebel trenches and fastened a rope to one of the engineers' guiding stakes by which the other soldiers were enabled to draw a raft over, carrying the stores and *impedimenta*. The regiment covered them all the while with so steady a fire that the Filipinos were unable to hinder the two devoted volunteers.

The raft landed fifty, who held the shore until joined by their comrades, at whose advance the insurgents chose to run into the wilderness. They were more than two thousand strong, and might have made the crossing more difficult but that the daring deed and the imposing front daunted them.

For some time the chronicle is of minor affairs: advances of the Americans and flights of the rebels, often without close firing, followed by the victors being unable for want of men to hold the positions conquered, which, when evacuated, were re-occupied by the fugitives. These were magnified into "battles" and accounted by the Filipinos as successes. In fact, to gain time was all they could hope, the policy of Aguinaldo being based on the chapter of accidents.

Meanwhile, great impatience was shown by all concerned at the lack of celerity in the movements at home, expected to expedite the relief troops. One of the strangest things ever known occurred in the Pacific: regular soldiers at Honolulu deserted in order to stow themselves aboard of the transports



AN YGOROTE WARRIOR. SIX HUNDRED YGOROTES, ARMED WITH SPEARS OR BOWS AND ARROWS, ATTACKED A BATTERY OF AMERICAN FIELD GUNS DURING THE FIGHTING BEFORE MANILA.

sailing for the Philippines. They knew they were breaking the severe military code, but hoped, as they fled merely to report "Ready for duty" in the face of the enemy, that they would be forgiven !

In another case, at Cuba, men whose time of service had expired and who were ready to embark to go to Tennessee—and sweet is the prospect of home to a veteran completing hard service under an uncongenial sun ! they held back from abandoning their comrades, knowing they wanted strengthening, and resolutely went on shore again to share the sleep in the dank trenches—perhaps, the sleep which knows no waking till the Last Trump.

Towards the close of August, the Revolutionary Government held an extraordinary session at Tarlac, with Aguinaldo merely the President ; a rumor gave out that he had constituted himself Dictator. His Cabinet was, on the whole, conservative : the speeches were not very incendiary. The main business was to procure money by some means becoming a government. It was decreed that all foreigners should be registered, and as all business of the native rule is transacted under stamps, here was one new supply created.

This petty Congress replied to the American proposal of an autonomous government. They refused it with sovereignty of the alien on the grounds that the Americans could not be trusted. They had seen at the first that they did not like them—were even opposed to them, through race prejudice. Later, the high-handed proceedings of American officers had confirmed their ill opinion of us.

All the officers returning from the scenes of bloodshed united in the opinion that the Aguinaldos, if not the whole population of our acquisition, were false, and ought to be whipped into a lasting submission.

Nothing serious could be done in this direction until the Rainy Season should be over, and light infantry and cavalry could traverse a country presenting obstacles, but not more impracticable than those our cavalymen had overcome in pursuing the Apaches in the Arid Region.

In September it was proven before a court-martial that one American had let sordid gain distract him from the proper course when his countrymen were in warfare.

The investigation denounced one F. L. Plummer, an American resident at Manila, for chartering a steamer which proceeded on several mysterious voyages, not amicable to the acquirers of the island of Luzon.

The steamship had been cleared regularly from Manila for Pasacao, with Mauricio Reyes as captain, and Plummer's agent, Ayala, on board. The captain was ordered not to lower the American flag, and to carry no troops of any kind. Ayala had the flag taken down after the steamship left Manila and displayed the Filipino emblem on arrival at Pasacao, in the Carolines.

At Nueva Caceras rifles were removed from the coal, and the steamship towed a schooner loaded with 200 insurgent troops to the island of Catandunes. On another trip a revolutionary officer and his orderly were taken as passengers, no mention of their presence appearing on the log.

The steamship was seized. The board determined that the seizure was a lawful one, and General Otis advised the War Department that he had ordered the sale of the vessel at public auction.

CHAPTER XIII.

OUR COMMISSION CALLED HOME.—EACH DAY AN EVENT.—CATCHING A “TARTAR.”—PORAC AND BAKOR.—THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

THE Philippine Commission was recalled in September ; it looking as if the iron hand would be used without any diplomatic glove. The troops of which the time was finished were returning also by every transport, but others were coming. The available force was being augmented, that was clear.

In this same month, a new native police went upon duty in Manila ; as civilians, they carried clubs, but as semi-military, they had revolvers ; disorder was prevalent, as the places for drinking were increased in number for the reception of so many soldiers and sailors. The city wore a cosmopolitan appearance, our own newcomers becoming used to seeing the natives, the women smoking cigarettes, the priests and nuns, who left their hiding-places since the captors terrified their antagonists into silence and reserve ; and the Sulus and other “pirates” from the outer islands.

Lingua franca began to be talked among the traders and the Americans, who were good customers on getting their pay.

Every day there was exciting news, the rebels continuing active. A party, on shore by San Fernando, lured ashore, where she got fast, the coasting steamer *Saturnus*, belonging to the *Compania Maritima*. Thereupon, a masked battery of three-inch guns was opened on her and the crew and passengers

made no resistance, although her cargo and a cash-box were known to be valuable. The insurgents hastened to remove the persons in their way, but merely making them prisoners, as they were of their own race or friendly Spanish. To their joy, they found at the first search nearly \$50,000 in cash, while the merchandise was desirable. They were soon transferring this to the shore in their cascoes. Dropping the anchors so that the steamer could not budge, they set fire to her before even they had completely lightened her.

The column of smoke unluckily attracted the attention of a Spanish gunboat captured and added to our navy. This cutter, the *Pampanga*, named from a locality in the bay, hastened to the spot and, as the water shoaled, put out a small boat to inquire into the supposed disaster. But on its approach the pirogues were seen still transporting the goods to the beach, and it was feared that murder waited on the wholesale robbery. The gunboat began firing on the battery in the sand and at the natives, who used Mausers and Remingtons in trenches on the sailors. It was soon ascertained that it was simple robbery and incendiary mischief; for the crew and passengers were seen on the shore among their captors.

Nothing could be done to free them, as the natives retired, and the hull was left to burn itself out.

The taking of Calambon serves as a type of the encounters which enlivened a campaign without profit towards the general subjugation.

Major-General Henry W. Lawton, of the Volunteer Army, had this movement in his hands. The place was seat of the insurgents' most important gathering.

A light gunboat assisted in the advance of our thousand men comprising a squadron of the Fourth Cavalry.

The U. S. gunboat captured the Rebel Navy—that

is, an armed tug, though the fugitive crew succeeded in stripping her of all light articles and carrying them ashore where they purposed standing off the assailants. Capt. M'Grath of the U. S. Cavalry commanded his men, and the company of infantry taking the van. To reach the town they had to cross a river too deep to ford ; to set the example, he and Lieutenant Batson plunged in, like Horatius, fully armed, and crossed in order to bring back a boat seen over the way. The lieutenant nearly lost his life from his gaiters getting loose and fettering his movements, but as it was inshore, where his comrade stood on firm land, he was instantly helped to the same solid footing. Then the pair returned, pushing the scow, and the soldiers immediately followed and secured a lodgment. During the capture, Mrs. General Lawton was in a boat in the bay ; the sharpshooters on shore frequently hit the gunwale but no one was hurt. The general expressed satisfaction at the way the vanguard had acted, saying :

“ You of the cavalry did the whole thing ! ”

After the soldiers had crossed, the resistance was feeble. In the headquarters was found the engine-fittings and other brass and metal work out of the captured tugboat. The Americans' coming liberated a dozen Spanish prisoners, who embraced them in the street, to the amusement of the spectators, unaccustomed to these manifestations of joy in the Latin race.

The retreating forces could not be followed with so few men to hold the town, as usual.

A notable incident at Hong Kong evinced how nearly we were to international complications at any unexpected moment.

The first intelligence of our transport, the *Tartar*, hired from English shipowners, being detained at that port, because she was in contravention of the

British mercantile regulations, caused a stir. It looked like a hostile manifestation from the Anti-American clique said to pervade that port and to be busy in slandering us in our new sphere of action.

The *Tartar* flew the British ensign, so that the port authorities had full standing to inspect her, though she was carrying our invalided and discharged soldiers and seamen.



FILIPINO SOLDIERS.

The complaint was that she was overcrowded with some four hundred passengers in excess among the fourteen hundred aboard. Also that there were not half enough boats, or the means to make life-saving contrivances, such as rafts, for the soldiers, to say nothing of the stock of life-preservers, which should have been supplied one to a head, being shamefully insufficient. As for the British flag, it was urged

that an American transport, the *Indiana*, might have been chosen instead of the foreign one, at Manila, a hint being offered that there was corruption somewhere.

The Hong Kong port officers were so undeniably correct that their contention had to be yielded to, and while the United States officials debated the question of the overcrowding, the life-preservers demanded were forwarded and the other appliances supplied, so that the *Tartar* might resume her voyage.

The side-issue from this revelation of bad management in the transport service was seen, shortly after, in an order under which all our seamen in the navy would have a life-preserver individually.

Towards the end of September, some anxiety was felt at the silence of the *Aguinaldos* as regarded several of our men held as their prisoners.

The light craft captured from the Spanish and turned over to our navy had been merrily named the "tin-clads," but they did yeoman's service in the lagoons and estuaries where none of our deeper vessels could go. The *Urdaneta*, one of these, was captured by the insurgents with an officer and nine or ten of the crew, but regained later.

On the 28th inst. Porac was taken by General MacArthur, but evacuated the next day—"Want of men to hold it," again! The fighting had been sharp, four non-commissioned officers being wounded.

At the beginning of October, near Bakor (or, Bacoor), there was a "scrimmage," as a skirmish is facetiously called by "the boys in blue," in which a first lieutenant and one of the signal corps, Captain McKinney's, were wounded. It might seem odd that a telegraphist should be under fire, but this happens not infrequently at the present day. In former times, when intelligence was borne by mounted aids from the generals to the colonels, there

were many of the prancing cavaliers familiar in paintings. But all this is changed. Instead of a gallant aide-de-camp restraining his mettlesome charger before the commander-in-chief, a man sits at his tripod-table, on which is the "ticker." At the other termination is a similar stand and instrument, ready to send off despatches and receive them almost before the events related have dried on the page of history.

A military telegraphic operator thus vividly describes the novel employment :

"It's a saying that, let a soldier cross a swamp or swim a river, the second man over is the signal service operator, sending back a report of how it was done. If there's an advance of half a mile by the firing line, the wire has been brought up and cut, the instrument attached and an operator is seated at his little table sending despatches.

"The signal service men at the front work on the line within two hundred yards of the enemy sitting at the little table sending despatches, or receiving orders. Oh, they shoot at you all right enough. Often they get in behind and cut the wires. Some have been shot while climbing the poles. The colonels and regimental officers are always right at the front, and brigade headquarters from one-half mile to one and a half miles in the rear. The operatives take turns at the front.

"Nearly everything in the signal service is telegraphy. Once in a great while the flags were used, but only where we couldn't use the wire. That wasn't often, for we waded through swamps up to the chest, dragging the wire after us. There's no dashing about of couriers and orderlies carrying orders, as there was in the Civil War. The telegraph does everything."

A captain of this branch was killed on Negros.

Two attacks were made by the expelled insurgents on Calamba, although it was held by two companies of the 21st Infantry, but they were beaten off with a loss of sixty killed and many wounded; our loss was two killed and seven wounded. An outpost of four Americans, at Guagua, had two of them killed by the bush-fighters.

At the same time the gunboats were busy. The United States gunboat *Urdaneta*, of which we have related the capture, was recovered by a special rescuing expedition, frightening off the captures and finding that she could be refitted as good as new. There was no time given for the enemy to get her off-shore or to fire her.

CHAPTER XIV.

CLEARING FOR THE ADVANCE.—DEFEAT AT NO-VALETA.—NAVY AND ARMY CLASH.—PLOTS AND COUNTERPLOTS.—DEWEY DEPARTING !

CAPTAIN POORE with the 6th Infantry was scouring the country to repress the guerrillas and bring in arms, which were a sore temptation for the peasants to join the irregulars.

He broke up one band, at Negros, with the loss of his lieutenant, but killed twenty, with two of the leaders, and gained a dozen excellent rifles. The insurgents not only reoccupied the places stormed but retired from, but seemed gathering to cut the Manila-Dagupan railroad, about at Mexico, a village.

West of the Baker and the Imus rivers, they harassed the American line of communication; they retired before the regular cavalry which should have been increased a hundredfold to suppress these

raids, so wearying to our sentinels and picket-guards.

General Fred Grant, with five companies of the regular foot regiments, proceeded to punish the intruders on our limit at the Inus, and cleared away all molesters, at a cost of three wounded ; the others lost ten killed as they retreated over the west bank. The church at Binicaya was utilized as a fort, according to the sacrilegious usage of the Filipinos, but they were driven out.

The 5th Artillery raced out of Bakor and shelled the west bank of the river, which remained clear to Americans.

Over this way, on the 8th, marched a strong column under General Schwan, cavalry, artillery and regulars, to investigate the strength of the hostile position at Old Cavité and farther.

The inhabitants were cowed, and hung out the white flag wherever it might save their cabins from a shot of the scouts.

The rebels had a way of turning these huts into rifle-pits when they were too lazy to dig trenches.

The naval vessels and marines at Cavité made a demonstration to divert the foe from this advance upon them, towards Old Cavité.

Here there was a struggle for half an hour as the insurgents had entrenched themselves so strongly that it required the shot of Reilly's battery to dislodge them ; the foot soldiers then poured in upon them and the cavalry completed the rout. They did not stop in going through Novaleta, which was utterly deserted when the victors rushed up.

Three gunboats shelled this town and Santa Cruz to enable the marines to proceed in support.

The enemy had entrenched the narrow road over a morass, and it was difficult to march direct ; a flank movement carried the marines through the swamped

rice fields and allowed them to force the foes out of cover. These destroyed a bridge and went to throw up earthworks in the sand hills and palm scrub on the farther side of the creek dividing the peninsula from Cavit  to Novaleta.

Again the swamp and submerged fields were waded across and these improvised forts were carried, the garrison being astounded at so much persistence.

Squads of the volunteers and regulars cleared the roadside of nests of sharpshooters, and finally united with the scouts who were beating the swamps beyond.

Rosario, a sea-coast town with considerable population, received the conquerors with white flags, if with little enthusiasm ; if any of the fugitives pretended to join in this reception, they had thrown away their guns and donned fresh clothes. Some of the fugitives were caught in the act of divesting themselves so as not to be considered guerrillas, and were made prisoners, though the French and other European soldiers, in such warfare, would have shot such offhand.

A three-pounder was used as the field-gun in this advance.

Cavalry Captain McGrath was badly wounded and Lieutenant Saffold of the 13th Infantry killed. The latter was a graduate of the Military Academy in the class of 1879. He was born in Selma, Ala., on September 1, 1856. He participated in the campaign against the Apache Indians in New Mexico and Arizona and took a creditable part in the campaign against Santiago. In April last he went to the Philippines.

In whatever direction a reconnaissance turned, it ran up against a rebel force which at least exchanged shots and retreated while firing at a distance, the same tactics which had dispirited the Spaniards and

caused them to rely more on "slugs" of gold than on leaden bullets.

The American scouts were supplemented by a hundred Macabebe warriors, who did good service, although their homes were burned in one of the forays.

Under cover of incessant shifting of positions, it was alleged that the insurgents under General Pio del Pilar, were concentrating to assist their friends still nearer Manila than the San Mateo Valley and San Francisco de Malabon.

They were calculated to have from three to five thousand men, with large guns.

But the latter place was entered by General Schwan without opposition.

It was eight months since the Tagalos had been expelled from Manila as "a disorganized mob," and yet it was not safe for an American to go four miles out.

Indeed, on the afternoon of the 9th, in broad day, mark! a body of the enemy appeared about the waterworks and at La Loma Church, where the 25th Infantry were camped. Luckily, they were entrenched after the precautions of this *petite guerre*, and the insurgents did not try to storm the post, but fired with long-range rifles, the balls falling among the tents. Before an hour, artillery had to be brought into play to induce them to retire. They avenged themselves by threatening to injure the railroad and telegraph, which kept up the strain on our guards.

The Filipinos used artillery at Angeles, where an American was killed, but the shells were imperfect and fell without exploding.

There was much disappointment among our friends and supporters at the capital, since this taking and retaking of towns might go on to an indefinite ex-

tent. Manuscript quips circulated, likening our Commander-in-Chief to General Boom, in the Opera, whose record does not include anything more burlesque than our capturing, evacuating and retaking a town six times !

Nor was it solely against the military authorities that ridicule and complaining went up.

There was friction between the Admiral and General Otis, the new Governor-General, as the latter pronounced the port closed, although without the help of the navy it would be but a closure on paper ; and more, tried to keep out smugglers with a fleet of steamers converted into cruisers by putting guns aboard, which, with a full charge, would probably send them to the bottom.

Admiral Dewey had perceived no value in the Archipelago, while certain that we would be amply indemnified for our outlay and exertions by the retention of Manila and its magnificent bay as a naval station. Without consultation with him, the Cabinet had resolved to make the whole assemblage of islands and islets territory of the U. S. A., while the farther steps which brought on the estrangement of the natives and their rising against us under arms, were contrary to his purpose, principles and policy.

But he is too patriotic not to pronounce that, once entered into the quarrel, we should fight it out quickly, if for no other reason, that quickness will prevent any foreign power interfering.

As England goes to no end of sacrifices to ward off the alien hand that would shake her " pagoda tree," so we must keep our orchard of spice-trees to our own basket.

Never hushed for long was the rumor that European Powers, goaded on by traders in our new possessions, and these backed by the consular reports of the latent riches and dormant mineral harvests, would

insert the thin edge of the wedge of intervention by protesting against a paper blockade.

Remember that no fault was found with that of Manila itself, where the navy was energetic and efficient ; it was the endeavor to guard the innumerable inlets where the insurrectionists obtained gratification of their simple needs.

For this General Otis was solely responsible.

The Manila merchants, with hereditary fear of speaking out, vaguely talked of favoritism without direct accusation. The majority was dissatisfied with the new régime.

General Otis, in fact, was unpopular, even among his soldiers, since he had been harsh upon officers who had not perceived some petty pilfering going on (as was natural where morality is so lax), when we went charging through a captured town, where the fleeing Aguinaldos certainly had sympathizers, who would have given them the supplies for which they made us pay dear.

While the Admiral and the Commander were at odds as regards a strict blockade, the insurgents continued to receive all the goods for war and sustenance which they could pay for, at the innumerable small ports of Luzon.

This leave to carry on a profitable trade did not conciliate the native merchants, for it was bruited that they were lenient towards a conspiracy within the gates. It was said that the Filipinos would make a rush at the walls, after eluding the flimsy line of our outlying troops, and, at the same time, have the gates opened to them by confederates inside. These were believed to have hidden ample weapons for a rising which was to come off on the 15th of October.

This precision in the announcement induced the new native police force to be overhauled : their offi-

cers under suspicion were kept in quarters, and our own controlling force was doubled in the watches.

Nothing occurred beside the scare.

As an exhibition of the wide duplicity reigning in the land, plots and counterplots were floating in the air.

It was asserted that General Otis had received a message from the Filipino chief, Pio del Pilar, hovering about San Mateo, offering for a sum of money to abstain from attacking Manila; for another and immense sum, to surrender his army after a mock battle, such as has been offered to explain the slight resistance of the Spanish at Malate before Manila was entered. He would, for another plum, assist in crushing the tail of the rebellion, to say nothing of turning over Aguinaldo and the rest of the company. He must have quarreled with his President (this document being authentic), for he alluded to him in contemptuous words.

The Filipinos declared that this was all false or written to deceive, as Pilar, instead of being a traitor, was aiming to rush into Manila, which he did not expect to occupy under the naval guns; but he would make hostages of General Otis and the Archbishop of Manila, so as to bring the Americans to terms.

At the same time, another plot was discussed at the cafés.

Three Spaniards were said to be in the town, who were hiding from native vengeance.

They were comrades in the Spanish army whom the insurrectionists had made prisoners but liberated on condition of their joining their standards. In this capacity, from their knowledge of field artillery, they, with others of their kind, had had the management of the guns in the fighting around Santa Rosa.

The shooting had been finer than the natives showed and this accounted for it.

These precious gunners, or drawers of the long bow, wanted to sell out, with their pieces, to the oppressor, which discovering, the enraged Filipinos fell on them and killed all but three, who fled to the town.

This discovery was made as follows: The traitors delegated one of the party to go to town and "trade"



FILIPINO WOMEN IN CHARACTERISTIC COSTUMES.

with the American general, who, unless he were very unlike the Spanish commanders, would greet him with glee and hurry to chime in with his excellent idea.

The Americans were to advance and surround the battery, upwards of twelve new pieces, Krupps and Nordenfeldt rapid-firers, together with ammunition in quantity, made at Lipa. These were to fire blank

cartridges so that they might be run up to and seized. The traitors were to receive a certain sum and free transportation to Spain, as they dreaded the natives' revenge if they stayed.

Unfortunately, the envoy took three natives into his confidence to a certain degree, as he was unable to cross the debatable territory and reach Manila without guides. These brought him safely to Calamba, within the American lines, but were in turn timid about proceeding farther. The delegate therefore went on alone into Manila, where he had difficulty in procuring the interview with General Otis.

In the meantime, the natives suspected double-dealing from his delay and returned to Santa Rosa, where the plot was revealed. Seven of the turncoats fell under the Filipinos' knives, and two escaped only to wander about the swamps until they found a skiff in which they ventured on the lagoon. Happily, the United States gunboat *Napidun*, patrolling the coast, espied the boat and picked the inmates up.

Brought before the American governor, he heard the tale, declined to have anything to do with the three survivors, who, indeed, could hardly go back to their cannon, but promised to return them to their own country.

As Tarlac was understood to be the headquarters of the *Insurrectos*, with General Aguinaldo commanding, it was imperative to project our forces towards that point. Between was the vanguard under General del Pilar. Leaving San Miguel in the mid-October, he pushed his men to occupy San Isidro and San Fernando. Hearing that the Americans were approaching, on the 18th, he had the bridge at the latter place destroyed. But the prime attack of General Young, commanding the forefront of General Lawton's forces, was upon San Isidro. With

one killed and a few wounded, the assailants overrun the town where the inhabitants assumed friendliness. A heavier resistance was encountered at Fernando, with losses to the Aguinaldos not known, but fifteen were captured.

Thus San Isidro became a base for the contemplated finish at the seat of the Insurgent Congress.

The country between Angeles and Arayat was avoided by travelers from its being infested by brigands; they had been annoying our outposts, also Captains Macrae and Chyneworthy, with battalions of the 3d and 17th Infantry, respectively, dispersed them, five hundred strong, before the village of José Malinas, and kept them in flight towards Magalang. This swept that tract clear.

The insurgents tried to effect an exchange of prisoners, one of those expedients to make their cause look more substantial of which there were many instances. This kind of recognition was intended to serve the rebels who proposed making an appeal to Europe through members of their Junta. Regidor, Agoncillo and Apacible were mentioned as likely to form part of the Delegation to try to have an audience at Washington.

The Southern Insurgents entrenched themselves again before Calamba and attacked it, but were routed out and pursued several miles by General Kline. The 36th Volunteers repulsed the bands at Santa Rita with a loss to them of some twenty killed and wounded. Regulars or Volunteers, it was clear that the enemy could not stand up against us in the open; besides, our men were becoming adepts at ambushes and bush-“whacking” generally.

Our soldiers began to complain at the mode of discharge: If they were “turned loose” at Manila, some wanted their return travel-money given them there, so that they might engage in business, but

this was not heard favorably ; they were usually so discharged that they had to lose a month's allowance.

In sum, all these grievances, the loss of time and men, the lack of substantial gain to our supremacy, formed the base for a cry of recall for the military commander.

"Dewey gone, it will be chaos," said the optimistic themselves.

And Dewey was going !

CHAPTER XV.

GOOD-BY TO MANILA.—INTERNATIONAL HOMAGE.
—HONG KONG.—THE "YORKTOWN'S" CREW.—
CALLING DOWN A PORT-CAPTAIN.—A STORY OF
"THE GIB."—DEWEY AS A REEFER.

"HOMEWARD BOUND !" the sweetest phrase in time of peace to a seaman.

That was the direction of the prow of the good ship *Olympia*, with the wearied Admiral aboard, as she steamed at last out of Manila, past the ships of all nations—prominent among which was the U. S. S. *Oregon*, famous for all time among navigators for having twice rounded the Horn—a feat which was considered not to be attempted by a modern armored line-of-battle ship.

But there she lay in Manila Harbor, and between her and the departing compeer arose the noisiest of the farewell greetings.

Around them both, along that coast, comprising a hundred miles of inland sea, fluttered, from every point of elevation, the flag which was hardly known there five years before : the "thing of beauty which

is never raised anywhere for oppression, but carries in its folds Education and Civilization."

Smoke rose from a thousand cannon mouths, and from the steam-whistles of a fleet of steam launches and petty craft ascended shouts in English and broken ditto :

" Good-by, Dewey ! " " Pleasant voyage ! " " Long life to the Admiral ! "

The bands of the *Baltimore*, and other men-of-war played appropriate airs as " Home, Sweet Home ! " " On the Banks of the Wabash ! " " Lave us a lock o' yer hair ! " " Farewell to Erin. "

The merchant vessels dipped their colors, a kaleidoscopic display ; handkerchiefs were waved by the *señoritas*, while their cavaliers lifted their hats on top of bamboos, and the common folk in the fisher craft cheered with " *Vivas !* "

The farthest out of the battle-ships was H. B. M.'s *Powerful*.

" Her Britannic Majesty " had become something more to American eyes since her ships had ranged themselves beside ours in Manila Harbor with unveiled intent to fire shot for shot with our guns against any Power which presumed to break Dewey's blockade, and show that it was only " paper. "

Everybody knew that England's " smartest " minister, Chamberlain, had, in May, hailed the idea of an Anglo-American Alliance, and never was a Queen Victoria's Birthday celebrated so rapturously under the American sun as her last one in the same month in our Eastern cities.

One of her admirals, Brand, had complimented his brother of " the Four Stars " with these words :

" ' Manila Bay ' is one of the most brilliant victories in the naval history of the world. "

The *Powerful* saluted the passing ship with its

band playing "God Save the Queen," which, from the similarity of the music, most accepted as "My Country, 'Tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty!"

Besides, the British mariners raised one of those cheers never heard on foreign decks, and Dewey's own men responded with not only cheers but a truly national "Tiger-r-r!"

If any voice was missing in this chorus, it was that of the Kaiser-land. The Germans were not reinstated in good odor, although apologies had been made for their rudeness. The Admiral's last words to the general taking command of the land forces had been :

"The Germans behaved very nastily. If those vessels had been here (indicating the two monitors, moored, one at each end of the town), and they had remonstrated against my bombarding that town to fire out the Tagalos, I should have replied : 'I will sink you first ! and then bombard the city !'"

The last of the goodspeeds came from the brazen and steel lips of the forts at Cavité, where the "Blood-and-golden banner" had been pulled off never to appear again ; and from the *Monadnock* and *Monterey*, the iron-clad harbor-defenders to which he alluded.

Well, no more such weary hours awaiting them ! They were substantially on the spot, and not going to fade away like their puffs of smoke.

It was a long pull to get us there, but we came to stay !

Never had a commandant of a place borne away such hearty wishes of "*Vive!* long life!" as the modest American. General Merritt said of him : "He won all hearts in Manila, especially the English ones, by being very genial, likable, manly, quiet, modest, shrewd, alert and tactful !"

And yet his jurisdiction, to use his own words,

terse as the plain people like statements, "Extended only from as close to shore as he could move his 'flat-irons' (the iron-clads) to as far inland as they throw a shell!"

Ah, the gratification in being on the open Blue again!



ADMIRAL MONTOJO, COMMANDER OF THE SPANISH FLEET AT MANILA.

At Hong Kong was a foretaste of the kind of greeting he was to be overwhelmed with from all sorts and conditions of men, who had heard (and who had not?) of "the hero of one of the most marvelously brilliant victories in the annals of naval warfare."

Here he heard the earnest wish uttered that he

would give the Great West a chance to see him, by crossing the Continent.

He sighed, too, and responded :

“ If I were twenty years younger ! ”

But he was not so disconsolate as all that ! It was the languorous tropical sun and sickening miasmatic zephyrs—wait till the native east winds of the Green Mountains would frisk it out of him and his gallant crew !

One of the best things for a patriot to hear at Hong Kong was of the fine impression the American soldiers and sailors, more markedly the Western volunteers, had already made in Japan and China. Whether coming to form the army in Luzon, or returning home from termination of service, or invalided, the cry was general : “ They are excellent young men ! ”

The best of the hulks on which these were imprisoned were mudscows compared to those beautiful snow-white Indian transports on which the British have expended the science of twenty years to make the Queen’s soldiers comfortable on long voyages. But our men bore the innumerable plagues and discomforts with the same gallantry as they had shown in the jungles of Cebu, Mindanao, Luzon and Samar ; on shore they never had a scuffle with the native police or their own provost guards.

Better than making America known in the Far East, they are making us endeared and respected.

Even here the most biassed of what is called the “ Hong Kong clique ” of anti-Americans, expressed wonder at the Dakota Volunteers, who, like their comrades of Tennessee, would not sail for home, but landed again to stand by the side of brothers fighting with the revolutionists.

The *Olympia* arrived on the 22d of May, and made a longer stay than anticipated.

There was already talk of the United States preparing a Dewey Reception which would eclipse anything on the annals from the welcome to Lafayette, Kossuth, the Atlantic Cable, the Great Eastern, and the other Nine Days' Wonders.

The old naval officers at this important British station, eyed him enviously, muttering with their Admiral: "Manila is his Trafalgar; but, unlike Nelson, he lives to enjoy his honors!"

No ship was in the harbor that had a gun but lavished powder in hailing him; it is said that some traders replaced their "quakers," or dummies, with genuine long-toms in order to salute.

At the formal visit to Governor Blake, of this British trading port, a major-general commanded the English guard of honor, and receiving troops and the naval detachment had a commodore at the head. Our Consul-general Wildman performed the presentation of the Admiral and his officers, Lieutenant Brumby and Captain Lamberton.

Vessels fouling fast in these hot waters, the *Olympia* laid over for a fortnight in order to have her metal cleaned; during this enforced stay the Admiral had some time to recuperate, his health being still feeble at even this slight change of scene. This was the cause for his excusing himself from attending the British dinner in honor of the Queen to which he was particularly invited.

There was one worry which was still tormenting him: that fate of "missing men," which troubles deeply a conscientious naval or military commander, who must regard his followers as his sons.

Although many of the gunboats and river-patrolers of the Spanish, captured about Luzon, had been converted to our uses, there was still a want of light-draft vessels for the immense coast line.

The *Yorktown* had sent a launch up an inlet where

the ambushed Tagalos had captured it and borne away into captivity Lieutenant-Commander Gillmore and its crew of fourteen. Distressing news had reached Manila of their sufferings among poor bushrangers who had no clothing or food to speak of for themselves. But Aguinaldo was in one of his refusing-to-treat moods arising when he had been snubbed in his advances towards his ex-friends the Americanos. A ransom had been demanded for them which the United States officers had refused to discuss, in accordance with the motto, "The U. S. A. pays no price for peace." Thereupon, as the brigands in all countries act towards the prizes which turn out unremunerative, the prisoners had to suffer. A Spaniard who "came in," professed to have been a prisoner, too, at Bigan, where he had seen the seamen, half-starved and in rags; the commander, being of notable stature and physique, bore his wants best; but though "in bad shape," they had no doubt that Uncle Sam would go the right way about to procure their release. Indeed, though it was not known till later, relief was sent to them.

This expectation cheered up the Admiral, and this was the last of his Manila worries.

As he had said humorously to General Merritt, on quitting: "I have been walking the deck, worrying, night after night. You can do that now!"

It must have been striking to pass through the Suez Canal, with the incident fresh there of Admiral Camara's Spanish squadron being detained for "want of a dollar or two," to pay the tonnage dues; it will be remembered that when he obtained the cash from home, it was useless, as he had run out of coal, or at least that was good enough grounds for sailing back over the Mediterranean to cover his native shores, menaced by the flying squadron of Commodore Watson. This, however, had no need to

cross the Atlantic, since Spain collapsed too prematurely for its guns to be trained upon their ports.

Upon the Mediterranean anew, Dewey must have recalled his earlier visits, when he was a youth, and in later manhood.

Malta, the well-known British naval station in the Middle-Sea, has its memories for him. Ten or more years prior to this transit, when he was commanding the European Squadron, he had to put into that port to find a skilful surgeon for an operation on which depended continuance in that "honest service which was for God and mankind."

A portion of his liver had to be removed, which was the foundation of the jocular by-name he went with among his brother-officers: "The Man without a Liver." The surgeon had gravely said, with the spirit of prophecy upon him: "You can say anything about that man; but, bearing the operation with that fortitude, you must add that he does not show 'the white liver.'"

At the same harbor, some of his "*Pensacolas*" went ashore and became mixed up with what may be classically styled the *Brumalia* of that cosmopolitan haven, more plainly, a "brangle." The police, an efficient one, pursued them, but the Jack-tars managed to return to the *Pensacola*. Nevertheless, it was a grave offense, for the harbor master came out next day to complain.

The port-captain of Malta thinks himself about on the level of the port-Admiral of Marryatt's sea-novels, and, besides, the feeling between British and Yankee marine worthies was not as cordial as later.

"What can I do?" asked Dewey.

"Why, your men raised a riot on shore, and you can assist me in arresting and punishing them," was the reply.

The American captain was very courteous in the

expression of regret that sailors of the U. S. N. should be lawless while on shore leave, but could see no way in which he might assist his visitor in searching out the guilty ones.

The reply of the naval officer angered the Britisher, who said, somewhat peremptorily : " You certainly can parade your crew before me in order that the rioters may be identified."

Looking aloft and pointing to the Stars and Stripes waving at the masthead, Dewey made the reply : " The deck of this vessel is United States territory, and I'll parade my men for no foreigner that ever drew breath."

Much had happened since then to " the Nelson of America," as the sailors in the port of Gibraltar termed him, as the *Olympia* steered into that famous stronghold of the British.

Before this, she had touched at Villefranche, where the King of Italy, unable to make the hero's personal acquaintance, sent his old General Bogliolo to represent him. It was appropriate that the land of Garibaldi should hold out a friendly hand to the son of Columbia and New World Freedom, for which the " Lion of Caprera " had fought and bled.

This historical spot received the honored visitor on the 4th of September.

In the port was the British line-of-battle ship *Devastation*. Her guns joined those of the impregnable fortress cut in the solid rock, to reply to our salutes for the garrison.

At noon, the Admiral landed to proceed to the Hotel Bristol, as he intended to live ashore during the ten days' stay, for the benefit of his health. Our Consul, Mr. Sprague, was an old friend, so that this sojourn promised to be comfortable. To enjoy the quiet, he refused a banquet from the British authorities, although he paid the usual call to the

commandant, General Sir Robert Biddulph, who sent his carriage to convey him to the governor's palace.

As they could not entertain the lion, the disappointed military and naval officers gave a dinner to his captains from the *Olympia* with a brilliant spread and international toasts, representing the Eagle and the Bull hobnobbing,—more Anglo-America.

It being said at the board that the English the more admired our naval hero for his practical nature, an officer of the Royal Artillery expressed his regret that another practical officer, one Cornet O'Donohue, was not alive to see him as one of his own stamp.

Of course, the story to illustrate Mr. O'D.'s practical nature was called for. It was worth coming to "the Gib," to listen to it.

O'Donohue was one of the garrison of the fort. He was officer of the day when a brother-officer, who had taken too much wine—this was in the port-drinking days—walked over the rock at a point where there is a drop of a thousand feet, and was killed.

When the officer of the guard made out his report, he made no mention of this accident. Indeed, when he came to fill in his report and reached the question, "Has anything extraordinary happened while you were officer of the guard?" he wrote, in the blank space reserved for the answer, "Nothing."

Of course he was summoned before Lord Napier, of Magdala, the Governor of Gibraltar. When he appeared, Lord Napier asked, "You were the officer of the guard at Elpinstone Guard yesterday?"

"I was, sir."

"And this is your report?"

"It is, sir."

"Lieutenant M—— was killed by walking over the rock?"

"He was, sir."

"You knew that when you made out your report?"

"I did, sir."

"That he was killed?"

"Yes, sir."

"And yet you said in your report that nothing extraordinary had happened on your guard?"

"I did, sir."

"Well, Mr. O'Donohue," said Lord Napier, sternly, "don't you think it is extraordinary when a lieutenant walks over the rock, falls one thousand feet, and is killed?"

"Indeed, sir," was the prompt reply, "I should think it extraordinary if he had fallen that far and not been killed."

An old sailor of the war-ship, at the celebrated rock-fortress, recalled an anecdote of the place, setting on evidence his admiral's detestation of drink and falsehood.

A petty officer, going on land for his "liberty," had taken the liberty of imbibing too deeply.

When called upon to explain, in the morning, he aggravated the offense by protesting to his chief that he was only taken ill.

"Sick?" repeated Commodore Dewey, fanning off the breath impregnated with Maltese wine, which, poured out of goatskins, is strong as old cider: "You are lying. You were very drunk. I heard you myself. I will not have my men lie to me. I don't ask them not to drink, but I do expect them to tell the truth. If you had told me frankly you had taken a drop too much 'on liberty,' you would have been forward by this time, for you returned to the ship. But for lying you get ten days in irons. Let me have the truth hereafter. I am told you are a good seaman. A good seaman has no business telling lies."

As the good ship steered out into the great ocean, leaving the dreadful Bay of Biscay to the good side

—that is, the off one—it might be that a vision came back of the future admiral laying out on the yard to take in sail at an emergency—one of those acts which endear to the seaman his superior, by proving that he might have “crawled in at the cabin window,” but that he could do the able-bodied seaman’s work.

Mr. Charles E. Rand, who was on the Flag-ship *Colorado* at the time, relates :

“Admiral Dewey was then lieutenant-commander and executive officer. Once, during a terrific gale, we were off the Bay of Biscay, oftentimes a nasty place, too, and the command was given to save the ship. The old *Colorado* could not move faster than eight knots an hour, and we were on a lee shore. I tell you it looked bad for us.

“At the height of the storm the admiral took the bridge, relieving Dewey, and the order was given to set sails to help us out to sea. We fellows had to hustle into the riggings, and just to encourage us, Dewey himself mounted the ladder, and in less time than I can tell it, was on the yard unfurling sail. It was an exciting scene, and a dangerous situation; but in a short time we were clear of the coast, and safe from wreck on one of the rockiest shores I know of.”

CHAPTER XVI.

SOFT AND GENTLE PASSAGE.—“AMERICA, HO” !—
“HE IS HERE !”—THE FIRST APPLAUSE.—THE
NAVY WELCOMES.—YOUNG GEORGE.—ALL’S WELL
THAT BEGINS WELL.

THE voyage was resumed with only one more stopping-place, the Madeiras. There is one show-place here, at Funchal, to wit, the famous ossuary of the

old Franciscan Convent, where a chamber is decorated alow and aloft with bones of holy men of the fraternity, who have been thus interred in the air.

Dewey had pledged that he would be in New York Harbor, in the hands of the Reception Committee on the 28th of September, and as it would have broken his heart for him to break his word, never was the *Olympia* handled more carefully, in the heat of battle, than by her sailing-master, who shared his commander's pride in the craft.

The Southern Atlantic route had been chosen, as there was ample time; besides, as it turned out, the Northern route was uncommonly stormy this year, and even in such masterpieces of maritime art as the great Oceanic, the nasty bleak winds and cross seas were severely felt. The Admiral escaped all this up to the end, when there was, on the home shores, a break in the "Queen's weather," as the English call meteorological pleasantness, or "Dewey weather," as his seamen say.

As a profound navigator, the commander, of course, kept the vessel's progress in his mind, asking and knowing all about the currents, winds, bearings, speed, and course.

It was trimming to a nicety, as he did not wish to arrive aforetime to embarrass the Committee or, worse, to be late.

So they crossed at a fair pace and slackened up so as to reach Sandy Hook, that sentry at the gates of the Eastern metropolis, with "plenty to spare," for later maneuvers.

One propeller-blade had been twisted and was hung up idle, but the other sufficed to give movement over smooth water.

Sandy Hook loomed up on the evening of the 24th September, Monday of a memorable week.

Unfortunately, there was to a seaman's eye evidence of a storm threatening.

The question arose: "Shall we stand out to sea again?"

It is amusing to a landsman that sailors should prefer the open waters in a tempest to a shore, on a large vessel.

"No," replied the Admiral, "we shall run in and anchor. A storm would upset things aboard, and the crew will catch cold, coming out of a hot climate; they would not be in good shape for festivities."

Accordingly the immense anchors touched American soil at that lonesome spot barring the waves of the Atlantic.

Pilot-boat No. 7 hove in sight—beauties of the deep, of such was the *America*, the yacht which first wrested the supremacy of the seas from England. John Peterson was the pilot, and he was received with all the delight treasured up on a long voyage for the fellow-countryman who brings the aroma of home. He also brought some oysters which the officers partook of, along with bits of news, for the first time in two years. John was surprised that they were so cold at coming into these seas, where the nor'-easter which "fetched them up shivering" was, to him, only a cheery breeze.

"They have it warm for ye up the harbor, I hear," added he, grinning.

Yes, it was cold to the *Olympians* and the chief was glad to have his Chinese servant rake extra blankets out of the locker that night. But the chill made him sleep better, and, as usual, for Dewey is a little of the *Malade Imaginaire*—"the Robust Invalid," by reason of the tropical clime—he was revived.

In the meanwhile, the telegraph at the Hook had not been idle—the wires heated with the swiftness

with which the tidings were sent inland : “ Dewey is sighted ! ” When Nelson returned, dead, alas ! to be carried to Westminster Abbey—or, truthfully, to St. Paul’s—the news ran from coast to capital by signal-flags ; this slow course would not suit our people. Before the Admiral had breakfast, in short, the gunners who had been standing by their pieces, trigger-string in hand, were pulling, and “ Dewey is here ! ” roared by the cannon mouth not only in New York but all over the Union.

No fears of a storm swallowing up our demigod, now, from jealousy of an ocean divinity !

With the sun, the sailors were up in a keen wind which made them move with the utmost alacrity, and those who had no work to do, swung and hugged their arms, did steps of hornpipes and otherwise acted, as nearly as a seaman can do, like the motor-men on a freezing morning in January.

If they had had the Lick telescope, they might have seen, over at Greenville, N. J., the biggest American flag hoisted of which history tells.

In the mean time, coming along shore and down the port-mouth were the first tugs and pleasure-steamers, crowded with people who had sat up all night and embarked with cockcrow, in order to have a first peep at the idol of the day—of all days.

The Admiral rose betimes ; it promised to be one of our fall days when, as John Jay said, nothing in Italy equals the beauty of them. He smiled at the men surreptitiously capering like goats to revive their circulation, for he sympathized with them ; he looked up at his pennant stiffly cleaving the sky like a shark-pin in the waters, and muttered with blue lips that it was “ A bit too cold,” yet he did his “ constitutional ” walk just the same.

At seven o’clock, with some surprise, the officer of the deck reported that two war-ship masts, undeni-

ably different from anything peaceful that spars a ship, were visible to the south. It was soon identified by the marine glass as the U. S. Cruiser *Chicago*. As she came rushing up the channel, the *Olympia's* men were dashing to quarters for which the bugle had sounded.

This vessel carried Rear-Admiral Howson, whose pennant, as she passed her sister-ship, was immediately supplemented by a flight of small flags, greeting the other chief. At the same time the batteries of both ships were opened for business, and presently seventeen guns belched the salute to Admiral Dewey, to which he replied with the proper number for his comrade.

As if these were a signal, all the guns around about began to fume and bellow. From five war-ships of Admiral Sampson's fleet, the batterers-down of Spanish power in the West Indies, horizontal shoots of flame and vapor rolled over the water and dissipated what morning haze Aurora had left to veil the burning sun; the ingenious herald who traced our hero's lineage back to Thor the Thunderer ought to have been here to hear him hailed with this tremendous reverberation.

But there is something better for cordiality than reports of ordnance. Just at this nick came along the pride of Gotham's passenger service, the crack-a-jack *Sandy Hook*, crammed with curious persons, who made her careen, staunch as she is, by racing to the side towards the *Olympia* and giving an unanimous yell: "Welcome, Dewey!"

The salutation was so sincere that the Admiral bowed to it, and remarked with an unsteady voice:

"They seem glad to see me!"

"Seem!" said a reporter, "'they know not seems!' Wait till you get up to the city!"

This man knew of what he spoke—New York was no longer the foremost town of this seaboard, but, thanks to the thousands who had been pouring in from all quarters, it was a gathering of all the States ; its population doubled in ten days. That is what leads us to dilate on the details of this unparalleled reception. It was not the offering of a city, however great, but the tribute of a nation.

At half-past seven, the *Olympia's* men went to breakfast, but the cannonade, which continued to find echoes everywhere, the tremor in the air ahead, where points of brightness and color fluttered like fireflies trying to outvie the sun, and this cheer from the excursion boat, thrilled them ; they ate 'with little relish.

At eight o'clock, a peculiar flag on a U. S. cutter betokened an official visit. This was the *Dolphin* flying the Navy flag for the Secretary ; his Assistant, Allen, was coming to act for him and the Navy.

As she came abreast, fifteen guns were fired in salute.

The band began national airs as he ascended the gangway plank. At the stage from which Mr. Allen should walk upon the deck, the Admiral warmly presented himself to help him forward.

Both the little *Dolphin* and the huge war-ship were already hovered around by countless small craft, under sail and steam, and even rowed out so far, containing excursionists who had dared the dawning fogs to greet the cynosure.

"I welcome you, Admiral," said the new-comer, "and congratulate you in the name of the Navy !"

"Thanks, thanks," responded the other with warmth which there was no reason he should conceal.

Here he was face to face with his own folk, with none but a friend, let him look where he would,

The more formal greeting took place in the library, the Secretary marching between the marines presenting arms, while the band continued to play tunes in which our soldiers and sailors have found inspiration for noble deeds.

A little before nine, orders were out for the ship to proceed up that incomparable harbor, beside which fades the Bay of Naples, the Bosphorus, the Golden Gate, Halifax, and what you will.

Steam had lifted the ponderous anchors, and before the flukes were seen arising and dripping like the fins of a Leviathan, the colossal war-engine began to cleave the water.

The flotilla of pleasure boats had increased every minute, and as she took the lead, this retinue looked like the captive kings and conquered people which a Cæsar brought after him when he was given his "triumph" in ancient Rome.

Dewey looked round as he went upon the after-bridge—not the forward one where he had directed the thunderbolts which made Admiral Montojo's fleet look like Judas's rejected thirty pieces of silver—and said, not more than half-reluctantly :

"Well, if I must be a hero, I must! I am ready. I thought I was too old for such honors, but here is Senator Depew saying that I am yet but a young fellow; and, to tell you the truth, I feel so!"

The cold-drawn truth is that the sun was up, and it invigorated him—Dewey was himself again! This "hero in spite of himself" was the same, who, after the Battle of Manila (entitled by Wilson, the British naval authority, "the great and glorious victory") observed to his officers, gathered around him as he sat on the deck :

"Gentlemen. I believe we will hear of this. I believe the American people will think it was well done. There is a picturesqueness about the Philippines and

a completeness about the victory that will arouse some enthusiasm."

Those who were looking out at the forts in the Narrows, saw the *Olympia*, like Neptune among the Nereids, rapidly approaching, followed, helter-skelter, by the miscellaneous collection of craft, pressed into the service from all sides, the passengers screaming and waving toy-flags and brightly-colored handkerchiefs, the whistles shrieking to split, sirens booming, darkey cooks banging gongs, itinerant musicians playing unidentifiable tunes on all manner of instruments, in full, a horrific din which only the irrepressible enthusiasm of the moment excused.

All this din was drowned in the overwhelming thunder from the forts saluting, to which the *Olympia's* flags dipped in response.

On the shores to right and left, the masses of people were clearly defined—one could count the stars on the flag they waved, so clear was the air.

In keeping with the battle-ship's majestic advance, went this double tidal wave of patriotism.

Then the lively, pellucid atmosphere thickened with the powder fumes, and, hanging over the recipient of this hubbub, many were reminded that she was the central figure in that scene of victory which happened on a May morning over yonder.

One soft note in all this fracas deeply affected the few privileged to behold it.

The Admiral's only son had come aboard. He is a self-reliant, unassuming youth, who is in the dry-goods trade. When he entered business in New York, not long ago, he adopted his father's sensible advice to begin at the lowermost round, and so he is receiving but a mediocre salary. Hearing of this, one of those enterprising newspapers which hunt after notables to garnish the daily feast of "celebrities on the sideboard," could not fail, through its

conductor, to desire an interview. In the course of this, it was advanced, in a kind of Irishman's, or broad hint, that he would like him to join the staff, at a princely recompense. There was no call for *his* articles—in fact, he was not required to do any writing at all; somebody else would do the literary matter to which he need only append his name!”



THE LATE WIFE OF THE ADMIRAL. MRS. DEWEY DIED IN 1872.

The young man, spite of his creditable demeanor, is full of “snap.” The editor thought for a brief spell that he had run up against the *Olympia's* Samson post, so abrupt was the indignant rejection of two hundred a month for “only a name!”

The bystanders, at the meeting of father and son, thought that there would be embarrassment, for the younger man had a good idea of how the nation

was about to hail the conquering hero. But not at all. Any awe he might have felt was blown to the winds instantly on their hands pressing.

Having dropped the forts behind her, the *Olympia* approached the White Squadron. They presented a strikingly bewitching aspect to a naval expert—clean and trim as a Dutch village.

The Admiral made some feeling remarks which denoted that he had by heart their doings in the nearer hemisphere, and that he was unjealously proud of the companion work they had done to his fleets.

Between the *Olympia* and the *Brooklyn*, as two ends of a pair of tongs, the Spanish fleets had been smashed like a toad.

As the two flag-ships were about to salute, Dewey went from his station to the after-deck to make sure that all was done with faultlessness. This change of position brought him within view of some in the fleet of boats which still accompanied the progress. He bowed and smiled to the more conspicuous, sending them home happy in the belief that “Dewey has noticed me!”

On the instant of the *Olympia* being anchored at the head of all the battle-ships, an officer was sent off to notify the Mayor of New York, as the titular host, that all was ready—“The victim is in his hands,” said some one jestingly.

It was a willing victim, and if they killed it, it would be with kindness.

The ship's gangway was besieged by hosts which tried to achieve an entrance more strenuously than ever an enemy had—but the marines were impassable—none went by to the cabin but officials.

CHAPTER XVII.

THURSDAY OF DEWEY WEEK.—CIVIC MEEDS.—A CITY
TOPSY-TURVY. — UNHOUSED MULTITUDES. — THE
LAND PARADE.—FATIGUED BUT THANKFUL.

THURSDAY was bound to be as busy a day as any other, so the Admiral was up at his usual hour, five A. M.

The Army was represented by the Commander-in-chief, General Miles, who called.

Then, the Governor of New York hastened not merely as an official entitled to the step of precedence over the Mayor expected, but from former comradeship.

The Governor is Theodore Roosevelt, the famous hunter of big game in the Rockies; the captain of the Rough Riders, whose exploits are indelibly writ on the Cuban War annals; the Assistant Secretary of the Navy who had the clearest idea of the magnitude of the task before our Admiral in the Far East.

It may long remain disputable who really chose and insisted on Admiral George Dewey having the Asiatic fleet to direct and guide to victory, but it is absolutely certain that Roosevelt saw to it that the winning fleet was not to gain a barren victory or, perhaps, to have the laurels snatched away by a covetous hand.

The official correspondence with Dewey makes it manifest that it was by Secretary Roosevelt's direction that the *Olympia* was retained on the Asiatic Station after she had been ordered home. Her

officers knew privately that she was expected to call at San Francisco.

DESPATCH (*Confidential*), Roosevelt to Dewey (Feb. 25th) :

“Order the squadron, except *Monocacy*, to Hong Kong. Keep full of coal. In the event of a declaration of war with Spain your duty will be to see that the Spanish squadron does not leave the Asiatic coast, and then offensive operations in Philippine Islands. Keep *Olympia* until further orders.”

A foot note by the Bureau of Navigation says :

“*Olympia* had had orders to proceed to United States.”

Now, since Roosevelt had upheld the appointment of Dewey, although it was objected that he was a naval dandy, it was compulsory upon him in logic to uphold him if he were truly on the road to a battle.

At the juncture when Dewey expected to be warned to leave Hong Kong as a neutral port, arrived the *Baltimore*. She had gone round to the Hawaiian Islands to touch at Honolulu ; there she took on board among ordinary stores some special cases which had come overland to San Francisco with such care that the stevedores had muttered, “Dynamite !” in handling them. They were, in fact, the shells for the largest guns, the turret eight-inch, on the big ships. Indispensable ! in the days of the muzzle-loaders naval sea-dogs were never at a loss ; for powder they used charcoal of their own burning, saltpeter out of sea-birds’ caves, etc., and made bullets and shot of cut “pigs,” and even Dutch cheese at a pinch !

But modern guns require their accurately-fash-

ioned equipment, and the *Olympia* and her consorts would have been muzzled before the enemy had the *Baltimore* failed to bring the longed-for "food for the big fellows."

It had come out later, as all the world knows, that the Battle of Manila Bay was not suspended in the heat of action sheerly to give the men time for breakfast, but because it was necessary to ascertain how the not superfluous stock of the special ammunition was running out. Therefore, the men never turned out to do honor to a man more quickly and heartily than to cheer Governor and ex-Secretary Roosevelt.

As a vessel of war is always in a fit state, the preparations for the reception were no trouble to the *Olympia's* officers, but to the Mayor and government of Greater New York, as the conglomeration of boroughs under that new head is styled, it was a terrible week of anxiety and tribulation.

Manhattan is accused of reserve, coldness, a cosmopolitan indifference; no heart; all for business, which, we know, excludes sentiment; still, those who know her longest, are assured that, when aroused, she never stints to welcome those who enter in at her wide door. As Dickens' character says: "Todgers' does it well!"

The population was doubled by the addition of five million strangers! and most of them would be concentrated in the limits of the main city, that is, on Manhattan Island. As they were estimated to spend ten million dollars a day, they were guests not to be treated niggardly.

Hence the police were on the alert from the start, warning off suspicious characters, and locking up for the week those who boldly maintained a right to stay out-doors. Fortunately, as we are a temperate people, and most of our foreign citizens drink light

wine or thin beer, there was little disorder to be apprehended on the score of inebriety.

Thieves and drunkards being eliminated, the rest accommodated itself to circumstances with the elastic good humor of persons assembled with a common view.

Long before the week, passengers on trains and boats told with glee that they were *en route* to see the Victor of Manila. But after the great guns had thunderously informed the nation that "Dewey was in the Lower Bay," the influx jumped to a staggering figure.

Everything that could carry was impressed into usefulness; railroad cars were dusted up from their sidings where they had been discarded; old steamboats were inspected—all that sailed on a keel or ran on wheels brought a contingent to the army of sight-seers invading New York. Freight trains were suspended, while all the staff forwarded the freight which conveys itself "on the hoof."

All the hotels of size were prematurely crowded; in the corridors, cots were spread and guests were glad to sleep on the billiard tables. The old joke of poles being run out of the windows on which patrons might perch, was revived with a serious look. Wealthy house-owners retired to back rooms and let out their others to customers who never expected to rest in such superb apartments. Untenanted dwellings were snapped up by speculators, and shanties were built like Aladdin's palace between dog's bark and cock-crow.

The overflow trickled out to the suburbs, and the splendid ferryboats were jammed night and day carrying occupants for the spare bedrooms of the outlying districts as far as trolley-cars would reach.

Then rose a floating colony which made the water-side resemble Venice or Canton River; not only

were the hay sloops, the canal-boats and produce barges turned into mock "floating palaces," but the steamers happening to be tied up at the wharves were similarly employed. Up went the prices for such improvised attentions, but a holiday like this comes but once in an eon; a dollar was but as a dime at other more rational times.

The streets were thronged with the curious, enrapt in the preparations going on to give them a glut of show and pageantry; with surpassing good humor the masses made passages for the gods of the day, the carpenters, painters, decorators, who permeated the mobs like quicksilver running over foil.

Numberless stands began to rise all over the route where the Land Parade was to march; besides which, the city generously erected larger and still more numerous "stoops," for its guests—not the rich and titled—but the school-children, the recipients of public charity and her wards comprehensively; for the seven or eight stands there was furnished eight million feet of lumber at an expenditure of \$180,000, all to accommodate at seven or eight spots 30,000 persons. One of the largest held 1,500 school-children, dressed in white and in blue, so posed that the former spelled the name of "DEWEY" on the cerulean background of the majority.

Aged visitors to New York may remember the First Crystal Palace; it stood beside the old Croton Reservoir; the latter building, condemned for improvement as a public library, was covered with a platform holding 3,000 persons.

The superficial effect was of some brains in the ornamentation; indeed, this was not the adornment of old times, when one householder hung out a rug, another the curtains, and a third the home-made standard; artists were called in to give harmony and a certain uniformity which appeased the fatigued

night after too much hue and glitter ; principally one saw the national tri-color and the Navy blue-and-gold.

Streets were done in one plan ; house fronts were draped so that no one was conspicuous.

On the pavement the uniforms of the regular army and of the citizen soldiery were plentiful ; the jokers said that one could not move a cable-car on Broadway without risk of crushing a State Governor.

In fact, everybody was invited to this national home-warming.

“ North and South together brought
Now own the same electric thought :
In peace a common flag salute.”

All the embellishment reached its highest degree in the “ Dewey Arch,” the popular name for a handsome structure put up at Madison Square in the kind of stucco known as “ staff,” vulgarly “ stuff,” a corruption of “ Staffordshire,” from the pottery clay of that English county. First used in Europe, notably for making fictile statuary, so that the groups could be tested on the points to be occupied by the finished work, it was made known to us by its wholesale use at the Chicago Fair. The beauty and chasteness of the “ White City,” so reared has caused its general adoption for hasty effect, yet of a gratifying kind.

Sculptors and artists gave their talent and skill to produce this testimonial to Dewey's worth, laboring night and day to be done on time, some falling ill from their exertions ; one or two martyrs to art died, in fact. But they will have the consolation to know that it was hailed as a success, and a subscription was immediately commenced to perpetuate it in marble, although it might cost a million.

If the general effect is too near that of the Paris "Arch of the Triumph of the Star," nevertheless, it is new to us, and the resemblance is in a measure owing to the fact that the French designers copied, like us, the monuments of the Romans. It stands in front of the Worth Monument, a general of the Mexican War. The future site is not yet selected. It will be a civic treasure, anywhere.

It is "To the Triumph of the American Navy," hence the subjects were nautical and from our history; the persons prominent are Paul Jones, Decatur, Preble, Hull, Farragut, etc. In more than one of the groups and panels the American sailor is depicted as he appeared at the Manila Battle, stripped to the waist.

Both ways, it is led up to by a colonnade, the columns being adorned with Victories offering wreaths. The width of the central passage did not allow a regiment to march through in company front, but they did so in fours.

Thousands haunted this spot to watch the sculptors and plasterers at work, prolonged into the dark and assisted by the electric light.

Comparatively few persons had been on the *Olympia*, and fewer still had conversed with the hero of the day, but these diffused all over town the personality, so winning, of the naval celebrity.

They said he was not the bronze-figured, steel-hearted commander of an iron-clad fleet, but human, kindly, simple and good-natured.

Extra editions circulated hourly in the crowds; they showed that Dewey had bewitched the Knights of the Stylograph like all great men by being profuse upon trivialities and discreet about grave matters.

The popular picture of him had to be corrected, though, for we were not to behold him as at the battle, in a white duck summer negligé, with a

traveling-cap snatched up—a cap going down to posterity, on his head, as that Scotch cap which Abraham Lincoln donned to pass through inimical Baltimore to be inaugurated.

Dewey would be seen as the Admiral, Chief of the Navy, in azure and gold, almost the nautical Brummel of twenty years ago and even later, when his critics at Washington reproached the Department for sending out a “dude” to Asia who was so particular about his collars! “Ay,” retorted one who knew him, “but we send one who will fight, and we are not particular about the linen of such a man, as long as he wears any collar at all!”

Folks whispered, and the touch of fellow-feeling made them smile:

“Thinking of the flowery path he has to tread, he shrinks from the ordeal!”

To use his own words: “I rather dread the thought of going through the ordeal—the noise and hubbub of crowds, to which I am unaccustomed. Not that I do not appreciate the honor the people do me, do not think that, but, to say the truth, I was wholly unprepared for the great wave of enthusiasm with which we have been met on my return home.

“We had expected, of course, quite a reception, but this exaggeration of sentiment—this hero-worship (here a wave of color spread slowly over the Admiral’s face and there was a suspicion of tears in his eyes) is something that I did not dream of.

“So while I am almost afraid of the next few days, I am at the same time filled with a vast joy and thankfulness that I belong to a nation that knows how to thank so nobly its servants who do their duty.

“But, with Von Moltke, I hold that a man should not be judged too soon. ‘No man,’ said Von Moltke,

'is known even to his own family until after he is dead,' and he believed that people should not make their estimate of a man till then.

"That, I know, is a little too slow for progressive Americans. They are generous to a fault and impulsive to a great degree. But there is no denying that they do things in a princely fashion.

"I feel that our people ought to wait a while in my case. I fear they are making me out too much of a hero, and if they should be disappointed ultimately how flat I should feel and what a fall would there be! Yet, after the fight there in Manila Bay, I feel it was out of the common."

His name was on every lip, his image in every eye; citizens who could not yet speak our tongue freely sported the Navy cockade on their hats; children of distant nationalities were dressed in his ship's colors; horses, carts, whips, all was decorated with a Dewey memento. The Chinese burnt gilt paper in his honor in their temples!

Little children lisped, as a new lullaby:

"Dewey was the morning,
Dewey was the day;
DEWEY was the hero
Of old Manila Bay!"

With the freedom of the city, New York presented him with a gold loving-cup worth \$5,000, while a popular subscription, in dimes, stood for the tribute of 50,000 people; it was a giant, standing six feet high, of coin silver.

Summing up the situation, an uptown store-keeper wrote across his show-window: "George, You Own the Town!" Other mottoes were: "Hail, the Victor of Manila!" "We all feel just good, for Dewey's come sailing home!" and "Welcome, Dewey!" gleamed everywhere from house-fronts to pennants, from balloons and wire screens in the air.

One unequaled compliment was in a railroad company's employes refraining from a strike because it was "Dewey Week!" The Columbia University had to postpone its opening; business was suspended except to cater to the guests and the military and official world ever arriving. A rose was named after him; and celebrities know that this is no easy honor, since all the world cannot get its bust on a cheap pipe or a cigar label. If any deed were done quickly and thoroughly, the verdict was "Dewey done it!"

As the poet of the sidewalk warbled:

"We've babies christened Dewey—
The pretty little pets—
We've Dewey opera houses
And Dewey statuettes.
There's Dewey drinks by dozens
And Dewey shirt waists, too,
With Dewey belts and buckles,
Likewise a Dewey shoe.

"They're making Dewey buttons,
They're are making Dewey hats,
And 'Dewey' is imprinted
On collars and cravats.
They're making Dewey 'tobies,'
And thus they name cigars;
They're making Dewey cocktails
To push across the bars.

"We've made a 'day' for Dewey,
And there are Dewey nights,
With lithographs of Dewey—
Oh, some of them are sights!
There is a Dewey button,
That's blossomed with the year,
While 'lobster à la Dewey'
Is popular, I hear.

"They're making Dewey gaiters,
And Dewey slippers, too;
They're making Dewey ribbons,
In red and white and blue.

They put the name of Dewey
On anything they like,
And soon upon the market
There'll be a Dewey bike."

His affability struck the masses as delightfully new in a hero. His fraternal embrace to Admiral Sampson was as impressive as his condescension in letting his hand rest on a lad's shoulder that they might be both the victim of a "Kodak-fiend."

To the champion prize-fighter, visiting his ship, he had not withheld a pleasing word.

At the end of the week, a push-cart man totaled up the general dictum in a card on his cart :

"Dewey, come again !"

The most remarkable effusion was that of the Spanish Minister, Duke d'Arcos. He said that the extraordinary welcome did not surprise him as "no honor could be too great for one who had served his country so well !" Bearing in mind what this service was, this was a magnanimous, if not a magnificent, compliment.

But above all, truly a national tribute, was the spontaneous declaration that George Dewey had "the first call" on the "Presidential Chair." Such a man might steer clear of politics and yet enter the White House, untrammelled, like "Old Hickory" or "Rough-and-Ready Taylor."

The Admiral was not an isolated celebrity ; we speak of the Generals of Washington and Napoleon's Marshals, and so of Dewey's Captains. These were being rewarded all over the land ; their ships receiving silver services, their hands being filled with crowns, wreaths, and swords of honor, usually at their proud birthplaces. But there was a strong wish that they should be by his side in this greeting.

People knew their names by heart, also. Gridley of the *Olympia*, Wildes of the *Boston*, Dyer of the

Baltimore, Wood of the *Petrel*, Walker of the *Concord*, "and there are others."

Gridley died on the homeward voyage ; Dyer, who silenced the Spanish batteries after Montojo's were sunk and burnt, fought against the most resistance Manila presented ; a volunteer from the merchant service for the Civil War, he, like Dewey, served under Farragut, who promoted him for gallantry ; he was in his native Massachusetts at this time ; Wildes, of the same state, is also a hero of the last war, having fought on monitors and ironclads, and, particularly, at Farragut's triumphant Battle of Mobile ; he was at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Captain Coghlan is master of the Puget Sound Navy Yard.

Their presence would have atoned for the absence of the President and Cabinet ; invited, they had all declined and, for them, came the Assistant Secretary of the Navy. However, as the President was to greet Dewey at Washington and present him with the sword voted by Congress, that might pass.

These honors were very well, including engrossed parchments from schools of learning, and the prize-money (few know that some of the Spanish vessels, laid up in Manila, were raised and served under our flag), the people wanted to render their gratitude in their own way.

That is why a hundred thousand soldiers would have formed the Thursday's procession, but this army could not have been handled.

It was restricted to something like forty thousand. The notable features were the detachments of the Navy and Marines, regulars, the Astor Battery returned from Cuba, under command of the millionaire patriot ; the Old Guard ; Veterans of the Spanish-American War (the G. A. R. did not participate because refused the right of the line, destined for the Navy), and companies of National Guards out

of nearly every state. The forty-eight Highlanders from Canada, represented our North Countrymen of the future. From Pennsylvania, came Philippine Veterans.

This imposing array, brilliant with variety and composed of the mercantile and business elements in a great measure, defiled at the City Hall, sumptuously decorated, before the Admiral and the Mayor and distinguished guests, the pick of our society, including the Governors whose guards of honor passed in the show.

It must not be inferred that in this carnival of patriotism "the men behind the guns" were ignored. They were the objects of public felicitation—"We cannot fairly expect to shake hands with Dewey, but we can get hold of his sailors!" was the popular cry.

When they got hold of them they did not know when to let go. The ships had drawn a maximum of worship, and with Dewey, the *Olympia* was pronounced "The finest you have got. I am proud of her as the Navy ought to be. Just as comfortable as a yacht. Look at her lines—anything prettier? and those guns! they can speak!"

Ay, they did speak to the Spanish, and the American people heard, while the echo went around the globe.

Those allowed aboard had pulled the ears of "Bob," the Chinese pet dog; and scratched the back of Señor Sagasta, the mascot pig and playmate of the deck hands, and admired the polished guns—but the seamen—our brothers of the outer defense line—they were the idols!

It was but an exponent of the whole spirit, that eating-house keeper who ticketed his windows: "Free dinners for the *Olympia's* crew." Everything they could point at throughout the town was

freely theirs. Traders would be insulted at their offering to pay for anything.

So Thursday passed joyously amid glorious weather.

In the night, the city broke out into flame like a Spanish fleet under our guns—all was illuminated from the cellars to the tiptop of the loftiest “skyscrapers,”—all the hues, all the variety in shimmer and effulgence of the modern pyrotechnist.

At the smoking concert at the great hotel, the Waldorf-Astor, the crew of the *Olympia* were feasted, to the number of two hundred and fifty ; in the balcony were seated, to witness their thorough enjoyment, their Admiral, his brother-officer, Sampson of the Cuban fleet, with Captain Evans. The Chairman of the United New York Board spoke the Address of Welcome.

A last word on this famous ship : sent to Boston to be repaired, she went out of commission, but she will ride the deep again, yet farther to carry the “four stars” of Dewey.

“Columbia is the Ocean-Queen, and she standeth stanch
and true,
With Dewey for her cutlass keen, and her buckler
Jackets blue !”

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FRIDAY.—THE NATIONAL REGATTA.—THE PANORAMA.—A VERY SPECIAL SALUTE.—“HAIL TO THE FLAG !”—ON TO WASHINGTON.

FRIDAY was another slice out of the Indian summer which rejoiced the sightseers.

The thousand members of the Civic Committee who came down to the Narrows to greet the national

guest had no need of overcoats as they backed up their Mayor, who made a welcoming speech to the commander of the *Olympia* on her deck. As he could not shake hands with that number without the lame shoulder which he soon afterwards experienced, he distributed a few clasps and uttered more words which the hearers treasure. He replied instantly to their call by going upon their steamer, the *Sandy Hook*, to sit at a luncheon worthy of Knickerbocker's town where good cheer has always reigned, as witness "cookies" and "crullers." The police boat *Petrel*, not the little vessel so gallant at Manila, transferred him to his own ship, on which, alone almost, he was to preside over the Water Parade.

His guests were very limited here, only his son, the respected widow of Captain Gridley, who was frequently cheered, and one or two old personal friends. These walked up and down the after-bridge until the anchor was raised and the war-ship started for the cruise to Grant's Tomb.

The fleets were composed of boats of all kinds belonging to the city, fire, police, etc., yachts, large steamboats, those massive tugs which are the pride of the harbor, four or five of those "demons of the sea—" the torpedo boats—excursion boats of every stripe, a dozen or so of saucy revenue cutters, the Navy having let all attend which could be spared, and celebrated battle-ships, the *New York*, *Indiana*, *Brooklyn*, *Massachusetts*, *Chicago*, and others with names familiar in everybody's mouth.

The *Olympia* was the more easily picked out among them as they were painted yellow while she was still white.

The start was made at one o'clock P. M.

The police boats preceded by a little to clear the way of the swarming small craft, which spoils the yacht races and everything else by intrusion.

More effectual, the fire-boats came up and poured immense spouts of water on interferers, which caused them to retire, deluged.

Those who saw the tremendous display of war engines at the Queen's Jubilee Review may have seen more vessels, but nothing equaled the gathering since Xerxes collected his galleys or they rammed one another at Actium. The variety was bewildering, and the names of the craft would make a list longer than Homer's "List of the Ships." Besides, the world has no harbor like New York's for a parade of maritime masterpieces. The noble Hudson River can bear navies without their fouling.

The shores form a dress-circle for five or six miles where spectators can see all the evolutions. If hundreds of thousands peered at the aquatic procession from the craft, a couple of million looked on from the shore and piled the roofs of those tall edifices of which Chicago and this city bear the burden.

One thing literally struck everybody—the uproar of voice, cannon, steam whistles and indescribable instruments which beat pandemonium. Naval officers said it was worse than the din of battle.

The speed was eight knots, and the warships kept right on with no slowing or stopping.

The Admiral was busy bowing to the pleasure-seekers whose boats ran as near as permitted and tried by all devices to draw attention each on himself. He was much amused at the odd floats with their odd passengers, decked out with Dewey medals, colors, trinkets. One in particular brought a hearty laugh—it was the *Ox*, a dumpy lighter with a top-heavy crane, on which, like Dutch reefers taking in sail, some boys daringly swung.

"Just see the *Ox*!" exclaimed the merry center of all this gala; "she beats them all!"

And the sturdy *Ox* got the most agreeable smile of all that turned out in his honor.

He showed almost a boyish glee in showing to his son and intimates the badge the City had given him.

"Is it not beautiful?" he said.

From all the moving vessels came music, cheers, song and waving of colors. A photograph in natural colors would be like a scene from fairyland.

The view sternwards of the packed thousands on the piers, wharf-sheds, buildings in tiers from the waterside to the tops of the giants at the Park, not a window unfilled, not a perch on the soaring cornices untenanted—this held him spell-bound.

This outburst of gratitude, of patriotism and adoration came from no "pent-up Utica," but from the entire Fifty States—from California to the Gulf, from Maine to New Mexico.

The antique emperors, looking over the amphitheater heaped with minions, satraps, generals, slaves and subjects, saw nothing, in their climax, like to this lofty spectacle—these were freemen holding up their hand to another freeman whom chance had chosen to stand in the breach where all else would have thronged in the same cause—defense of country.

He was not tired this day on the waters.

He saw every little thing. Three or four times he called for his marine-glass to define a detail. When the squadron went majestically by, he stood at the salute, not rigid, but supple as though a young captain again. He issued his orders in a voice unnerved by this warm inundation of applause. At 131st Street, beside the stake boat, the *St. Mary's* training ship, was the old U. S. Frigate *Portsmouth*, built in 1840, so that there may have been grizzled officers in this parade who had been apprentices aboard her.

As the *Olympia* turned round the training-ship,

Dewey smiled upon the boys in their neat suits and set the cue for them to be cheered, while the ancient ship received part of the salute.

The men-of-war anchored here, and the column went down stream between them and the New York shore. They had come up along the Jersey shore, where a pretty incident occurred.

Our readers will remember, in the early pages about our hero's boyish life, how he had a conflict with a school-teacher who was instrumental in forming his future.

Mr. Pangborn, living in Jersey City, turned out to fire a salute as his former pupil should pass. From the school-desk to the quarter-deck of a flag-ship, what a rise! Then the boy had snowballed him; now he was firing blank cartridge on him! Then the old dominie repeated to the crowd, as the battle-ship sailed by under their eyes (his own moistening):

"I'll tell you what Dewey said when he came home, as a young officer. He said to me: 'I shall never cease to be grateful. You made a man of me. But for that thrashing you gave me, I might have ended in the State prison!'"

So the boys who heard him went away, glad in the future to get a whipping—how could one become a hero but for the same treatment?

From the *Olympia*, anchored up stream, it seemed that the passage to land might be made though two miles in distance, by stepping from one head to another of the passengers on those boats, so closely were they retiring, as if moored together.

Those who lingered saw the most tender of patriotic sights.

When our flag is lowered at dusk at a military station or on a national defender, the commanding officer gives the example in saluting the colors,

There he was on the bridge, his eyes on the flag descending, and his hand, which had curbed Spain as a rider curbs a bronco, touching his hat in reverence. He owed all this homage to his defense of that flag!

Long after the pleasure-boats had borne away their cargoes towards their lodgings, he remained on the deck to see the fireworks. They were even more splendrous than yesterday's, and still, on the water, the yachts could be seen glorious in electric lights.

The next day he spent in rest; and on Sunday, without any notification to the press, eager to keep tally of his every step, he went unobserved to a church in Harlem, where, in his plain clothes, almost none recognized him.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WASHINGTON RECEPTION.—THE HOME FROM THE PEOPLE. — ITS HOSTESS EXPECTANT. — VERMONT WELCOME.—LAYING THE STONE OF DEWEY HALL.

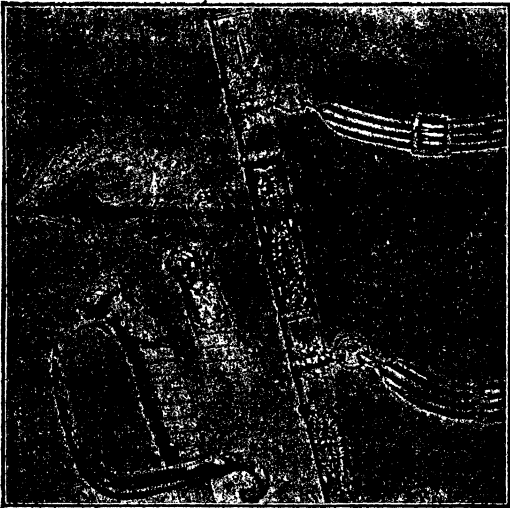
For quite a month, they had been making ready in the National Capital to receive the victor in what Captain Mahan designates the "greatest naval battle on record."

He stayed at an apartment-house where he had previously resided, but soon entered the mansion of Mrs. Washington McLean, to whose daughter was attached an old tale that she was the Admiral's flame, not by any means extinct.

From his former residence at Washington, his time was fully occupied with renewing old friendships, especially as he was expected to permanently dwell here in the near future.

Delegations came from all sides to beg him to pay their homes a visit; letters of every description poured in to task his secretary, and he had official calls to make.

He received an ovation at the U. S. Old Soldiers' Home, where he said that he had never learned to appreciate "the American soldiers' true valor and



SWORD OF HONOR VOTED TO ADMIRAL DEWEY BY CONGRESS.

noble qualities until he had seen them fight in the Philippines."

He lunched at the Metropolitan Club with Professor Schurman of the Philippine Commission, to which he is attached in order to give it the benefit of his experience and advice. With Rear-Admiral Farquhar, successor of Admiral Sampson, he strolled out

to the Navy Department near which he was recognized and hailed by a gathering crowd, although "in mufti," that is, citizen's dress.

He merrily excused himself from shaking hands with old acquaintances, as his arm was sore from hand-shaking in New York.

On the road to the White House, he was interrupted by throngs of women and of school-children for whom he had a wave of the hand or a smile.

At the Presidential mansion he was closeted for an hour with the Chief Executive ; their conference was on the Asian Question, and the outcome a swift despatch of men-of-war and more troops to the seat of strife. Senator Hanna had the ill-luck to call during this confabulation, but turned aside at hearing what an important dialogue he was interrupting.

At a stand before the Treasury, Dewey reviewed the procession in his honor ; he received from the President the sword of honor voted by Congress. The Admiral had postponed the date of a desired visit to Chicago, but the President entreated him to go thither in company on the Presidential Western tour. This was declined with some embarrassment. The fact of the matter was, whatever the press inferred erroneously, that a more tender engagement was in progress : the Admiral had made one to marry !

For some time, it had been determined that the most agreeable present for the Union's favorite son would be a home. So a subscription was rapidly circulated and \$50,000 was raised to find him a house, or a site on which to build one, at Washington.

Consulted, he preferred to have a dwelling already built, and "the Fitch House" was selected and approved by the future occupier. It is a brick house with brown stone trimmings, on Rhode Island Avenue, in the heart of the social center. The furniture

was "thrown into the bargain" by the owner on learning who would be the real purchaser. Throughout the States, manufacturers of furniture, upholstery and the like vied with each other to perfect the interior. New stables will be erected, with accommodations for "that Dewey lion" which the Europeans (*vide* Sir Henry Irving) believe struts by his side in his walks abroad!

The twenty rooms making too extensive an abode for a bachelor, all were glad that it would have a mistress known to the community and certain to grace the board.

Admiral Dewey will wed Mrs. Hazen, daughter of Mrs. McLean. This explained the rejection by the Admiral of the President's invitation to the Western Tour: he could hardly join a caravan more or less directed against the election of Mr. McLean—so near and dear to his hostess and his wife-to-be.

Politics form a mighty engine, but when Cupid thrusts a spoke betwixt the wheels of the Juggernaut it must come to a standstill.

In acknowledging the gift of his countrymen, Dewey said his heart was full of gratitude for such regard.

The honeymoon, therefore, is reasonably supposed to have more to do in canceling his engagements to visit various places than the plea of fatigue after so much "lionizing."

Tired with his Washington week, the Admiral, after a quiet Sabbath, when his son and he attended St. John's Church, once containing his pew, traveled north in the palace-car Victory, owned by the manager of the Wagner Car Co.; now amalgamated with the Pullman. He went through New York asleep; and thence by the West Shore to Albany, for Vermont. A card to view the International Yacht race from Lipton's tender, the *Erin*, had to be declined.

As the day went on, the news spread of the passage, and guns were fired at the crossings. At other points, crowds concentrated to cheer and wave flags. Sitting in the observation car, he saw the unrivaled scenery of the Hudson and marked these plentiful evidences of the uncooling popular ardor.

His companions were his son, the Governor of Vermont, and Dr. Seward Webb, railroad magnate and millionaire, whose guest he was to be at the renowned stock farm of Shelburne.

At the station he was met by one of the scores of traps. He was driven over typical Vermont country until he reached the stately entrance to the estate, with its porters' lodges on either side, as in the Old Country.

There is no finer country drive than that through the grounds to Shelburne House, a distance of four miles. The farms comprise nearly 4,000 acres, 2,000 of which are cleared. The roadway is of stone and beautifully laid out.

Shelburne House itself is on a ridge that overlooks the estate and Lake Champlain. It is a long, rambling Queen Anne structure and very beautiful. It contains more than sixty rooms, and an addition is building which will make it the largest country house in America. The rooms are fitted in costly woods, with great fireplaces. It is heated by steam and lighted with electricity.

Shelburne Farms is a complete community in itself. It has its own fire department; its own electric and power plant for the whole estate. It has various shops. The water supply is sufficient for a town.

Dr. Webb has long been famous as a breeder of driving horses. The great farm barn has a ring 378 feet long and 85 feet wide where the blooded horses can be exercised in winter.

The greenhouses are the largest and finest on any private estate in America, and especially rich in rare plants. Much attention is given to violets and gardenias.

From hence, Admiral Dewey arrived in Montpelier at 5:20 o'clock on the 11th October. From Shelburne to the capital, at all the small towns along the route, crowds turned out to cheer the Admiral as the train whizzed past. As Dewey's car was backed into the depot in Montpelier thousands of people swarmed the tracks. The Admiral stepped out upon the rear platform and lifted his hat in acknowledgment of the welcome at the hands of his townspeople.

"Ah, these are Vermonters!" he said. It plainly showed that the welcome given to him by the people of his own State was dearer to him than that of all of his other countrymen.

Dewey stood looking over the crowd searching for familiar faces. Suddenly he pointed at a man in the crowd: "There's George Goodwin," he said. "Sure enough, that's Goodwin. There's the old insurance building." (His father's institution.)

"Hello, here is Edward. Edward, how are you, brother? Say, Edward, you will have to make a speech to these good people. Come, make a few remarks."

Edward Dewey could not make a speech. The crowd was convulsed with laughter as the two brothers shook hands.

"Welcome home, George. You cannot imagine how happy we all are to see you," Edward replied, as the Admiral assisted him up the steps of the platform.

"A speech, a speech!" cried a thousand men.

"Gentlemen," said the Admiral, "I am no speech-maker. I could not make a speech."

"That's no joke, Admiral; but you can fight to

beat the band," yelled a small boy. Shaking with laughter, Dewey vanished from the platform.

When only a few remained about the train, Dewey started down State Street toward the home of his brother, Edward, who accompanied him, leaning upon his arm for support. The Admiral was preceded by Adjutant-General Peck, of the Vermont National Guard, who cleared a path through gathering throngs with his sheathed sword.

"Look over there, George," said Edward Dewey, pointing to the Montpelier pavilion. In great letters of fire were the words, "Welcome, Dewey."

"It is all grand—magnificent !" Dewey remarked.

Edward Dewey's home is opposite the State House, and here the Admiral stopped and bowed again to the crowd before he entered. A few minutes later they were joined by George G. Dewey, the Admiral's son, Charles Dewey, another brother of the Admiral, and other members of the Dewey family. Dinner was served with no one outside of the family at the table.

The Admiral said that he was delighted with his reception in Montpelier and that he hoped the weather would be fine. "I will be glad when the celebration is over," he said "for I am very tired."

It was exhilarating to mingle with the crowd : the elders overflowed with reminiscences of their distinguished fellow-citizen, and the young ones listened agape or stared at the object of all this enthusiasm and eulogy.

Many a finger pointed tremulously at the house where "our" Dewey was born : an old colonial house moved from its first site. Out of its gates, Mrs. Dr. Dewey used to emerge in a low-swung carriage not unlike a heavier Victoria, which caused the spectators of the equipage and the solid horses in silver-plated caparisons to say :

"Here comes the Queen in her coach !"

Graybeards spoke of swimming in the "Inion" at a pool where George beat the band by "staying under water the longest!"

"He was jes' a born, nateral athlete, that Dewey lad, and on the Meetin' day of the Legislater, when all the youngsters used to compete out thar' on the green in all kinds of rastlin' and pulley-haulins, that boy would floor every mortal son!"

Some hummed the musty song by Dibdin, which used to make our gran'thers' eyes water, "The Son of a Tar," and affirmed that it was a favorite of Dewey's and had turned his head seaward.

One old merchant, who had been a schoolmate of his, related that once when the boy had proclaimed his ambition to travel the world over and make acquaintance with the rulers of Europe—the witty teacher had flourished *his ruler* of ebony, and cried:

"There is one American ruler you will make the acquaintance of before you do of them!"

And all laughed! The Yankee does not laugh often or for long, but when he does you can hear him!

So it was all mirth at Montpelier over the prodigal's return, glittering with glory!

Old ministers who ought to have been less excited over a man of war repeated Dr. Dewey's advice to his son, like to Polonius:

"Never fight; but—when you do, fight your uttermost!"

More easily recalled Dewey's visit in '84, when his mustache was dark, not snowy, and he looked stern under his bushy brows so that the little ones to whom he was always tender, shrank at the first from him until he had time to win their hearts. Then he was "Uncle Captain" to them; they were mothers of families now, and to those duplicates of themselves were reciting these anecdotes.

After the day at home, among his near connections,

was a public day, garnished with reviews, the largest procession ever known in the Green Mountain State, choruses of school-children whose sweet voices affected him to the core, "Salutes to the Flag," presentation of the State keepsake, his likeness jeweled with diamonds, and in the evening fireworks, including a bonfire of a pyramid of tar-barrels fifteen layers high, the blaze of which threw into the shade the illumination of the State House dome. Montpelier has a normal population of eight thousand—it contained fifty thousand Vermonters who simply went cranky with patriotic delirium.

The salute was fired from two guns recovered from the *Castilla*, one of those Spanish vessels sunk in Manila Bay.

At midnight, when the last reveler had hardly more than retired from the rare festival, the Admiral and his select party left Montpelier, and, in the morning, awoke at Northfield, to the roar of seventeen guns, an Admiral's salute, fired by the cadets of the University, where he spent three years (1851-1854), before passing on to the Annapolis Naval Academy. In 1898 this institution conferred on "our Chevalier Bayard of the Navy" (says Commodore Stratton) the degree of B. S. for "honorable cause."

His "nursing mother," Norwich (since, Northfield) Military Academy (now a University), trained for the military profession as well as for higher education.

Founded in 1819, at the close of our War with Great Britain, when it was proven that we were without preparation for officering the troops, the West Point graduate, Captain Partidge, who was its superintendent, sent qualified juniors into the army in Mexico and, in the Civil War, its graduates were numerous enough for a company by themselves.

Their names were set upon the triumphant columns through which Dewey was conducted by the cadets, at the proper hour. In the interval, he strolled about the town and made the acquaintance of its chief citizens and renewed that of old friends flocking to the place. The University stands on rising ground, and the immense body of spectators could see the prominent guests arrive for the exercises of laying the corner-stone, by Dewey's own hand. In May last, the turf had been cut by Captain Clark, of the celebrated circumnavigating cruiser *Oregon*.

"Vermont's greatest son" laid the stone in a workmanlike manner, "according to his wish." This was a boulder brought here in olden times by the glacial wave, and was set on another from the old school at Norwich.

The new edifice is to be of native granite, in classical style, the elevation attained by a hall with rotunda. In the center is to be a Dewey statue.

The orator of the day was Senator Depew, who is almost the mouthpiece of America—or, at least, the Europeans whom he enchants, esteem him so. Chauncey M. Depew, then, made one of his most happy efforts, almost in the shade of an elm-tree under which the delinquent students have to march in full marching order, musket on shoulder! It is not said that our hero had to do so, but it is feared, as he certainly is the typical American, who is always the "worst boy in school."

The text of this speech might have been Governor Goodwin's sibylline utterance upon his son-in-law :

"Dewey is full of grit and honesty, and will be heard of one of these days!"

During the impressive ceremony, a painting of the *Olympia* was exhibited and presented to her commander.

Throughout the sunny day the guest was escorted by the proud cadets, to whom he was a vivid example.

CHAPTER XXI.

SENATOR DEPEW'S ADDRESS TO ADMIRAL DEWEY, AT
NORTHFIELD, VERMONT, OCTOBER 13, 1899.

“ADMIRAL DEWEY, Governor and Legislators; Gentlemen of the Faculty, and Students: The greetings and applause which accompanied Admiral Dewey around the world, the welcome and triumphal processions of his grateful countrymen, the imposing ceremonies at the National Capital and the capital of his native State, have their fitting close at the University where the foundations of his fame were laid. He returns from his victories to his Alma Mater and lays his laurels upon her shrine. Here precept and example, teaching and tradition, made the man. The home-coming of the alumnus during commencement days to the University is always an interesting incident in his life, but when he comes back crowned with glory and honor to acknowledge his debt, the old college has fresh inspiration for her sons.

DEWEY'S EARLY AMBITION.

“Forty-five years ago a young man was graduated from here and entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis. At this institution he had found the bent of his mind and decided upon his career. The allurements of commerce and fortune did not tempt him. The pathways of the professions and industrial preferment which attracted most of the youth of America had no charms for young Dewey. To win his way

in the service of his country was his ambition. The period of his active life is the most wonderful half century in the history of the world. It is the era of invention, of discovery, of the utilization of the forces of nature to the service of mankind. The rapid evolution and development of the arts and industries have piled up gigantic fortunes for the able, far-sighted and adventurous. The contention and competition for great wealth have absorbed the best talent and the vital energies of the people. The hot race for money has drawn the strongest from every walk in life. To get rich has seemed to foreign and domestic observers the sole teachings of our schools, and its rewards of luxury and power the most satisfactory attainments.

“After nearly fifty years George Dewey is again upon the old campus and treading these venerable halls possessed of little more of accumulated wealth than when he left. His gift to his college far surpasses the value of endowments and buildings. It is the example for all time of the Norwich student, who, without influence or assistance, by his steadfastness, pluck and genius, became

THE HERO OF THE AMERICAN NAVY

and the conqueror of a new world for his country.

“This day is an influence in breaking the spell of gross materialism which binds the closing year of the nineteenth century. It opens for the twentieth nobler aims and higher ideals. The ingenuous youth can see that comfort, happiness and fame are possible in art and letters, in the service of humanity and the service of the country. We are to become broader and more liberal in our associations. Wealth is to find that it is honored by artists, statesmen, jurists, men and women of letters, educators and

officers of the army and navy being invited to participate in the social opportunities which money gives. The pleasures of the fortunate are to be enormously enriched by the presence of achievement and genius from many departments under hospitable roofs.

THE CHARACTERISTIC OF OUR TIME

is the equal struggle for social position and material gain. There is, unfortunately, a widespread belief that society recognizes only people of large incomes and lavish expenditures. Let the barriers of exclusiveness be lowered for the worthy and cultured, for those distinguished in public life and the professions, for talent which adds to the improvement, enjoyment and education of the people, and the ambitions of the student will see other careers than the congested avenues of trade or the perils of speculation.

FORTUNE CAME LATE.

"The life of Admiral Dewey is a manual for the young American. It demonstrates that work and thoroughness are the essentials of success. Opportunity—or accident, if you please—happens to every one. If ready, he seizes upon it and his career is made. If unprepared, it passes by and rarely returns. General Grant was an excellent cadet, and in the Mexican campaign mastered the art of war. His talent was for the tented field, and not the pursuits of peace. He was a poor farmer and a worse tanner. At forty the opportunity came and found him ready. Faithful preparation made him command success, and with the fall of the Confederacy the world recognized the foremost soldier of the age.

"Lincoln became President at fifty-one. He met

and triumphantly solved the most difficult problems ever presented to an American President. But by a quarter of a century of patient labor in Legislature and Congress, in his study and in Titanic debate, he had mastered all the questions which were to be decided during the periods of civil war and reconstruction. Admiral Dewey was sixty before fortune confronted him.

“He left this University with honor. He had a creditable record at the Military Academy at Annapolis. He did daring and brilliant deeds on the Mississippi and learned invaluable lessons under that grand old naval hero of the Civil War, Admiral Farragut. At sea and on land, on his ship and in the Navy Department at Washington, with resistless energy and intelligent work, he became known as the most thorough and able officer in both the theory and practise of naval warfare. The idle days, the wasted hours, the health-wrecking dissipations which account for most of the failures in a career were never the experience of this enthusiast in his profession. He had no faith in luck or chance, or accident or genius. He believed in work. His ideals were to have a great opportunity and be so thoroughly equipped for every contingency that fate must surrender to preparation.

WHAT LED TO VICTORY.

“The threescore milestone was behind and the retiring limit near when Commodore Dewey was placed in command of the Asiatic Squadron. A message was received at Hong Kong from the Secretary of the Navy that war had broken out with Spain, and the Commodore must at once go to sea and find and capture or destroy the Spanish fleet. Edward Everett Hale’s story of the man without a

country has interested generations of readers. With Commodore Dewey were the fascinating possibilities and perils of a fleet without home or port. He was 6,000 miles from the United States, and the neutrality laws closed for him friendly harbors, and needed supplies were contraband of war.

“Manila was the fortified harbor of the enemy, and in it were the warships of Spain. Its channels were mined, its forts manned with modern guns, and the Spanish fleet was superior in numbers and ordnance. But there were the harbor he wanted, the supplies he required, the ships he was ordered to capture or destroy. During a week of great anxiety for his countrymen we only knew that the Commodore was sailing over the Pacific Ocean seeking his mission. On the seventh day the world was electrified by the message that he had destroyed the Spanish fleet, and Manila was at his mercy. The splendor of the achievement and the completeness of the victory were the result of that thoroughness of plan and detail whose habit was formed within these walls, and that undisputed leadership in his profession won by eager devotion to its study and the grasp and use of progress and invention. The foggy becomes a barnacle, but Dewey is always up-to-date—often ahead.

THE TRIAL PERIOD.

“The trial period of a successful commander is after the battle. Then his wisdom and capacity have their supreme test. Diplomacy must veil the gun. Grant’s terms to Lee after Appomattox surpassed his victories. In the Bay of Manila were the fleets of the great Powers of Europe. All but one were hostile or jealous of the Republic of the West, whose startling advent might compel a rearrangement of their plans for the division of the East. On

shore were the Spanish army, to be held in check until troops could arrive from America, and insurgent forces with wild and passionate eagerness to execute vengeance upon their oppressors by fire and sword and rapine. The sole responsibility for the control of the situation rested with Commodore Dewey. Foreign Admirals were kept within bounds by firmness which meant force. The Spanish army surrendered. The natives respected the wishes of a victor whom they feared and of a wise friend whom they learned to love. Commissioned to capture a fleet, he had conquered an empire for his country.

“ His task completed, he sails for home.

THE TRIUMPHAL HOMECOMING.

“ There is no parallel in history of this triumphal march. As his ship carries his flag more than half way around the globe, he is greeted at every port in every country with the honors due the naval hero of our time. He is met as he enters the superb gateway of our land at New York by the loving welcome of 70,000,000 of his countrymen. On bay and river our warships, our merchant marine, and our pleasure yachts dip their pennants and pass in review.

“ The Statue of Liberty illumines harbor and shore with the brilliancy of her greeting to the worthiest of her exemplars and apostles. The procession escorting him through the streets of the metropolis is not a Roman triumph with the spoils of subjugated peoples and with captives chained to the chariot wheels of the conqueror. The cheering millions along the route voice the acclaim of the whole people for the American who has done so much for his country, and the sailor whose deeds have given greater luster to our navy, whose record has always been illustrious. The presentation of the

sword voted by Congress by the President of the United States in the presence of the Cabinet, the Supreme Court, the Senate, and the House of Representatives at the Capitol was the crowning glory of this marvelous ovation.

“Not yet its culmination and its lesson ; not yet. That is reserved for his Alma Mater. I saw Grant from Appomattox and Sherman from the march to the sea at West Point. There was an affectionate significance in the welcome and approval of the old Academy which no pageant could give. The splendors of the decorations, the brave array of saluting soldiers and sailors have passed ; the echoes of the guns and strains of martial music have died away. With the associations and surroundings of this seat of learning the Faculty and students receive their fellow student and honored alumnus. The building which will arise upon the corner-stone now laid by Admiral Dewey will remain for unnumbered generations as a monument to the advantages of a liberal education and the possibilities of American citizenship.

THE FRUIT OF VICTORY.

“The benefits of a college course are not all found in text-books, lectures and the library. They are the tools for use in practical life, but can be had outside of the university. The contact and attrition of ingenuous minds seeking the truth break the fetters of prejudice and provincialism, and cultivate the cosmopolitan spirit which is necessary for success at this time when the telegraph brings all the world in daily communication. To learn where and how to find quickly the history, facts, cases and subjects required is liberal learning. The impress of great teachers upon susceptible youth is felt in nobler aims and purer ideals all through life. But

the inspiration of living, breathing and working where the famous among the Alumni were college boys is of incalculable value. Their spirits are ever present in rooms and halls, at recitations, and on the campus. Every university man echoes Kipling's sentiment :

“ Bless and praise we famous men—
Men of little showing !
For their work continueth,
And their work continueth,
Broad and deep continueth,
Great beyond their knowing.”

“The victory of Admiral Dewey has a far wider significance than the heroism of the fight. It opened a new chapter in the history of the United States. The lifting of the cloud of battle-smoke from the waters of Manila Bay revealed a new and potential power in the affairs of the world. The class which graduates here next June enters upon a larger citizenship than any of its predecessors. A war begun by the United States for humanity and liberty ended in the conquest and cession of a rich and populous territory in the East. At the very hour when our industrial development and surplus productions demand the benefit of expanding markets, we become by the Providence of God

NEIGHBOR TO THE ORIENT

and its limitless possibilities. After three hundred years of oppression and spoliation by the Spaniards, after centuries of promises made to be broken, the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands distrust all professions. The good faith with which we are fulfilling our pledges in Cuba will ultimately become known in every island in the archipelago. The Gem of the

Antilles is feeling the thrill of liberty. Under the beneficent rule of law and order she is experiencing peace, prosperity and progress. We are leading her to independence as the mother does her child, and at each more confident step we loosen our firm but affectionate hold for her education and safety.

FUTURE OF THE PHILIPPINES.

“We must first subdue the rebellion. The more quickly, the more energetically and the more overwhelming the force with which it is done, the more merciful will be the war and the earlier will come the regeneration of the Philippines. The demonstration for a brief period of a Government which gives protection to life and property, which grants liberty and law, which plants schoolhouses and encourages thrift, will be conditions for happiness they have never experienced and only vaguely imagine possible through the anarchy they would now inaugurate. Manila, Santiago and San Juan have won the respect of Europe for our fighting qualities, but our statesmanship and staying powers are on trial in every Cabinet in the Old World. When civil and religious liberty was in peril before the united assault of all the great monarchs of the Continent, William of Orange, in undertaking their defense, registered the simple oath,

‘I WILL MAINTAIN.’

His was a gigantic task against frightful odds. We are for the time being the custodians of civilization in our new possessions against a foe whose defeat is inevitable, and for a people who, released from the thrall of savage leaders and brought under the influences of peace, will become loyal and productive citizens.

“Pride in one’s State is like love for the old homestead. The absorbing duties of his later life and tremendous events in which he has been so distinguished an actor have never weakened the affection nor weaned the interest of Dewey from Vermont. His heart has been ever full of the simple lives and homely virtues of this staid old New England Commonwealth. Her soil might not yield as rich returns to the husbandman as the prairie farms of the West, but her marble and granite have always furnished tombstones for her invaders and statues for her heroes. Forty years ago, standing as a young cadet in the Capitol at Montpelier and gazing upon the statue of Ethan Allen, he exclaimed :

“ ‘Life can achieve no greater reward than that.’ He has won that reward. Beside the hero of Ticonderoga will stand a companion figure. Under the one will be the immortal words which began the first victory of our Revolutionary War : ‘I demand your surrender in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress,’ and under the other, the statue of Admiral Dewey, the sentence which opened the gates of the Orient for his country : ‘You may fire when you are ready, Gridley.’ ”

CHAPTER XXI.

THE GRAVE YANKEES BUBBLE OVER.—SPLENDOR ON SPLENDOR.—THE FIGHT FOR REST.—ADDENDA TO THE TOAST.—THE MARITAL ENGAGEMENT.—THE HIGHEST GIFT IN OUR DISPOSAL.

THE Second City of the Atlantic seaboard was now to offer its tribute and swell the note of jubilee.

From Northfield to that point, the special train

ran on its own schedule so that everything was side-tracked as the illustrious passenger shot along. It was ever the same spontaneous blessing and congratulating. Shots from old muzzle-loaders and blunderbusses alternated with those from cannon that might have been in the Revolution. At some points, factory hands quitted the mills to line the depot platforms ; at others, students, as at Dartmouth—all were whooping and demonstrative. At each such spot the train slowed up or some one must have been crushed. In reply to the Dartmouth “yell,” the Admiral drolly remarked : “ You will own the country some day ! ”

Whistles, “ buzzers ” and bells sounded from mills and their innumerable windows were blocked up with the women and men hanging out with frenetic applause. When he went through there, at the outbreak of the Civil War, the sight was of another guise ; the windows blazed with gas, as the hands were toiling night and day making ammunition and arms for the approaching conflict. Better the happy faces and the smiling lips than those iron and brazen mouths of the war-dogs !

From Lowell to Boston, the tracks were hedged with people.

The railroad station could not contain the swarms, twenty-five thousand within the walls and out-buildings, with twice as many in the adjacent streets, craning and tiptoeing to catch a glimpse. When he came forth, he was almost carried off his feet, spite of police and soldiers. They wanted to “ chair ” him, to shoulder him and bear him off to the Hotel Touraine, where he was to spend three days.

To permit all to share in the duty, his escort was changed ; now it was the Veterans of the Civil War, now those of the Navy, and then of the Spanish-American War.

The streets were profusely decorated, though not with the *ensemble* imposed on New York. At night, red and blue port-fire painted the sea of faces and draped house-fronts ; the Hall looked like a great bouquet, with its tapestry.

On the Common, fireworks were displayed so that the Admiral could see their splendor from his own windows.

The next day he reviewed the whole of the State Militia, and a civic procession defiled before him. The City presented him with a jeweled keepsake, a \$1,000 watch, with his likeness set with diamonds, appended to a chain, with locket and charm, all on a silver salver on which was engraved the Freedom of the City. There was also the ceremony of reception of the colors of the regiments which had gone through the Cuban Campaign.

There was a lunch at a millionaire's mansion.

The *Olympia's* crew were not omitted ; after figuring prominently in the march, they were dined at the State Armory. It was trite, but nobody was tired yet of hearing from their lips that the Admiral, although a disciplinarian, was reluctant to punish and tolerant to Jack's "sky-larking." They were feasted "chock-a-block !"

In the streets, the Admiral's carriage was filled with posies ; and he found at his hotel all the rooms hampered with floral devices. At the club banquet in his name, no speeches were expected, but his health was drunk with heartiness.

Again he was much affected by the grand choir of school-children singing, just as Lafayette and General Moreau owned to the same feeling of weakness which youthful, innocent voices produce.

"It is the most refreshing sight ever seen !" he remarked to Mayor Quincy.

In the evening, not surfeited but regaled amply,

he set out for the National Capital which, as *his* house was ready, was indefinitely his home.

“‘Tis home where’er the heart is—where’er the loved ones dwell.”

A witticism went the rounds which chimed in with his sentiments :

“Dewey has to fight harder here than in Manila !”
—“Fight ? What for ?”—“For rest !”

Here his friends were waiting for him, not sorry that he would go nowhere else, and repeating the encore verses which the author had added to the lines given out on the eve of his departure for the Asiatic seas :

“Along the far Philippine coast,
Where flew the flag of Spain,
Our Commodore to-day can boast
‘Twill never fly again.’

“And up from all our hills and vales,
From city, town, and shore,
A mighty shout the welkin hails :
‘Well done, brave Commodore !’

“Now let your Admiral’s pennant fly,
You’ve won it like a man,
Where heroes love to fight and die,
Right in the battle’s van.”

His mail had accumulated, but was rapidly lowering under the nimble hands of his secretaries, Caldwell and Brumby. With his return, the latter could be spared to go home, to Georgia, where he would represent his superior, and receive his own sword of honor.

All appeals from the country that he might be farther seen by his fellow-countrymen were blocked by the Secretary of the Navy, Long, at the end of

October, ordering the Admiral on special duty at the Department.

The Philippine Commission was reassembling, and the Victor of Manila was indispensable for their decision and investigations.

Besides, there was another reason for his wishing to stay in Washington and test the comfort of his house,—the national present.

On the thirtieth of October the Admiral was at the Lafayette-Square Theater, with Major Ferguson, ex-Minister to Norway and Sweden, when he was pointed out as a Benedict no longer.

It was at last authoritatively stated, by his nearest friends, that he was engaged to be married to Mrs. General W. B. Hazen, the widow of the noted signal service chief-officer of the U. S. N. He died about ten years ago, leaving a son who was killed by a fall from his horse, over a year since, which caused profound sorrow among the Hazen relatives and acquaintances. After that, the widow lived in retirement, at Washington, in one of her own houses, the handsomest of the Capital, and in a charming country retreat near the city.

The announcement was first made to ex-Secretary Herbert of the Navy and afterwards to the Congressman who headed the Tennessee delegation praying Dewey to visit Nashville ; this prior engagement, of course, provided him with a conclusive excuse. But the hailing him at the playhouse was a public avowal which delighted a wider audience.

She is the daughter of Mrs. Washington McLean and sister of the Ohioan gubernatorial candidate (Democratic), and, since she laid aside her mourning-weeds, she has been the center of gaiety.

Among the aspirants to her hand are cited General Schofield and General Corbin, but all these stories were at once dashed into shadow.

The applause which had rung through the play-house was redoubled when Dewey was seen receiving the congratulations of the Cabinet officers who happened (?) to be present, and of his friends, as well known in society of all stripes, naval, military and political.

Rear-Admiral Schley was among the first to enter the Dewey box, and was heartily cheered.

The marriage will be performed by a high prelate of the Roman Catholic Church, of which Mrs. Hazen lately became a member.

As Mrs. Hazen has always moved in the political atmosphere of Washington, and is understood to cherish lofty ambitions, the hope is revived that the Admiral will accept nomination for the Presidency. It is true that he has himself said that all his training made him a sailor and not a politician, but what has that to do with it? On the contrary, it will be a refreshing novelty to have a President after the precedent of Jackson, Taylor and Lincoln.

CHAPTER XXII.

OUR DIVERSIFIED HOLDINGS.—ABORIGINES AND THEIR RIVALS.—SULUS, IGORROTES AND TAGALS.—MEN VOWED TO KILL.—CONTESTED POLICY.—A FREE PHILIPPINES!

THE touchstone which allows us to form a true judgment of Aguinaldo, whether a Washington for his race or an Aaron Burr, would enable the whole future of the Philippines to be gauged and dealt with. Unfortunately, he has lately had no intimates of our kind. To speak of him as he is found, is im-

possible, since those who knew him at the commencement of our relations with him and had a good opinion of him have recanted or are silent from fear that they were deceived or that he has altered.

Admiral Dewey must have thought fairly of him or never would he have armed him to beat off the Spanish land forces.

At the outset of the Philippine War, he was favorable, and he comprehends the Orientals. He said that the Tagalo President behaved very honorably in the Spanish Pacification. General Whittier assures us that he refused money even for personal expenses when he was returning home to help the Americans.

Our consuls who came in contact with him considered him a real friend to our side.

But, after six or eight months, the portrait changes.

Admiral Dewey, towards the close of 1899, which means, his words are the fruit of reflection, says, decidedly—one may believe decisively :

“ The people of the Philippines are incapable of self-government. Aguinaldo and his self-seeking, scheming, conspiring followers must not be mistaken for great patriots who are fighting for their liberties. They must not be mentioned in the same breath with the founders of our own Republic. American patriots could not have been bribed with British gold as Aguinaldo was with Spanish money—hired to leave the country, hired to abandon their followers. Aguinaldo was. He is simply a self-seeker. His whole gang represents only a pitiful percentage of the Filipino population.

“ To deal with the rest of the Filipinos, then, by giving them peace, liberty and self-government, is impossible (the Admiral thinks) for two reasons. First, because Aguinaldo is lying to them, and they believe

him rather than us ; second, as long as he is making a guerrilla war it will be impossible for the United States to prove to the rest of the people its good intentions, even if it had them ; moreover, because the Filipinos, even those who are not fighting, refuse to accept promises. They have two hundred years of reason for refusing. Spain promised to them everything they wanted for two centuries and never gave them anything but oppression, falsehood and pillage. It must be understood, therefore, that it is utterly impossible to do anything with the Filipinos by promises.

Acts, not words, are necessary. Until Aguinaldo and his irresponsible gang is crushed, it will be impossible for the United States to deal directly with the Filipino people even to give them absolute freedom.

“ More force rather than less until Aguinaldo is crushed ” is Admiral Dewey’s keynote. Unless those leaders are routed within six months, he declares, the war may not end for six years, and perhaps not for sixty, for the rebellion may then spread to other tribes. But rightly managed, the campaign can be ended in a few weeks, when the fleet of nearly forty warships and an army of 65,000 men arrive there next month. After Aguinaldo is crushed, then enlightened government. “ Treat the Filipinos honestly and kindly and let them do everything themselves.”

We must bear in mind that, while Aguinaldo was brought from Hong Kong in a government vessel to assist us in securing a hold over the Philippines, and “ his assistance was then considered by the Admiral as valuable,” he blames him for soon showing “ the cloven hoof.” Dewey upholds truth above most moral qualities, and this half-Chinese, half-Malay, would have the weakness of both races in

using falsehood to serve a purpose and even merely to be agreeable.

Senator Pettigrew eulogizes him as a patriot and a hero, but then he has never seen him.

General Funston has faced his followers and he estimates their leader as "shrewd but not clever. He circulates and corroborates all that the Junta sends out, and adds to it all that his cunning imagination can devise. With him the campaign is a great confidence game. If his people could be induced to accept the truth of the situation, they would desert him to-morrow." Yet he seems to be deep, if not sincere, for he has had the son, born to him while waging warfare against his best friends, christened with the name which most appeals to us—George Washington!

As the great Napoleon was willing to abdicate—when driven to the wall, in favor of his son, perhaps, this youth will afford a good opportunity for his papa to glide out of his thorny chair, carried on a litter from one jungle stand to another, and let him have the vacancy when he is of the age to be our liege man!

In September, 1899, the position of the Americans on Luzon Island might be thus summarized.

We held over a hundred square miles out of the more than forty thousand occupied more or less forcibly by the insurrectionists.

The railroad along which there has been skirmishing for half a year was ours, except that there were breaks from the rebels having torn up the sleepers, which, when not mahogany, were burnt; in the other case, they buried them in the swamps where the heavy wood sank like oak in a bog; the iron rails were similarly disposed of, or turned into corkscrews by heating in the same fires. Nevertheless, what we have of it, places under our armed hand several

provinces and makes the inhabitants neutral, for on us now depend their supplies.

In the other islands we have reconnoitering parties, rather than forces of occupation ; thanks to feuds between the races making up the population, they may be played against each other while we hold what we do plant the flag upon.

The coast towns captured by General Lawton, Hale, and others, but abandoned, are practically at our mercy as our light river-gunboats and steam-launches can shell them at any signs of treachery.

The enemy are now driven into the foothills, with the mountains to escape into in event of a steady repulsing movement ; cavalry cutting them off from the lower lights, they should be followed by sharpshooters and dislodged from every bivouac until sickened of their harassing tactics.

In such small islands as Negros, the foes are peasants who take to arms in dull intervals, and are little more than banditti. Our regulars are here, but in little number ; putting down whatever number collect in a noticeable troop and dispersing them.

In repairing the railroad, the trains are furnished with a military escort ; when, therefore, the cars are fired upon by ambushed natives, these soldiers alight and rout out the hidden marksmen. The news is sent by telegraph to headquarters, and, if the attack is serious, reinforcements proceed to the rescue by a light train ; this sends the enemy fleeing. But the attacks were resumed next day, since our troops were outnumbered, until of late.

There is an absence of forts in the new districts overrun ; in our new possessions, there are no solid buildings fit to endure the earthquakes now and then disturbing this Eden, but the churches and convents, with their strong high walls, a few government structures, generally old and crumbling ; the native

houses, outside of the city, are very flimsy. Therefore, following the practise of the Spanish and the natives, the abandoned churches, long since stained with blood, and therefore desecrated, are used as strongholds. We must understand this so that "our boys" should not be accused wildly of irreverence. In answer to an inquiry from home, the commander telegraphed that only sixteen churches were occupied by U. S. troops; ten of them having been taken from the enemy; three monasteries, also, thus held as citadels, were likewise desecrated by the insurgents before we expelled them.

In any case, as was noticeable in the Peninsular War of Wellington and Napoleon's marshals, for Spain is a most Catholic country, to occupy churches is a matter of course in warfare.

The improvement in the choice troops surrounding Aguinaldo is now explained by stating that they are mercenaries lent to France by Spain to serve in the Tonking War; here the French officers, experienced in Algerine fighting, perfected them as irregulars, and so much so that they defeated bands of the native and Chinese "Black Flags," whom the French Zouaves had failed to overcome. It will soon be seen whether the victors over Apaches and Sioux cannot win against those whom the disciples of Pelissier and Espinasse failed to whip.

Rumors being afloat in the "Walled City," Manila, that American prisoners were badly treated, as were the *Yorktown's* crew, our officers were on the alert to inquire into this accusation every time they surprised a hostile detachment.

But nothing to confirm the report was found in several sharp struggles which distinguished October.

At Concepcion, Northern Panay, a coxswain of the *Concord* was lured ashore by a false white flag and disappeared. A battalion of the 18th and marines of

his ship went ashore to deliver him, if possible ; but the rebels, as well as the inhabitants, fearing vengeance, had quitted the town ; it was burnt as a punishment for this violation of martial law.

At San Isidro, near Cananatuan, a temporary station was established after a little resistance in clearing the neighborhood of guerrillas. Three months' supplies victualled the new garrison.

The water was now high, and many a rivulet was swollen into a river impassable and swift.

From Iloilo came the news that, in spite of a feud between the Visayans and the Tagals, the leader of the latter talked of attacking the Americans with his ten thousand men, a third of whom were reported to carry muskets.

At the same time the Filipinos tried to obtain terms of peace, under guise of sending in Spanish prisoners. They were answered that the Spanish prisoners would be received and well-treated, but the insurgents could not be dealt with.

This persistency of the rebels, met with our usual firmness, may have come from desperation. Friends of the outlaws in Manila repeated passages in letters from the Independent party's camps, asserting that most were tired of the fruitless strife, and would let themselves be captured at the first opportunity.

But to show the duplicity of the race, these revelations were accompanied by discoveries revealing the insecurity of the position.

A lieutenant of the Manila police had to be put under lock and key from being head of a plot to turn this service against the new masters, in event of an uprising, more or less concurrent with an approach of Aguinaldo to the gates.

At Iloilo, where a revolutionary Junta was formed, independent of Aguinaldo or under his auspices,

one of the wealthiest Visayans was arrested. He is Ruperto Santiago, who posed as our friend after taking the oath of allegiance, while using the money raised on his sugar—our troops defending his plantations at Negros—to help his real friends; one of his steamers was caught in the act of conveying supplies to the Insurgents. His office was used for the meeting of his pseudo-government to overturn ours.

For fear his allies would rise to rescue him, the guards were doubled and other precautions observed.

The general opinion is that the pursuit of the beaten foes, particularly with cavalry which has almost the terrifying effect of horsemen on the original people, as on the ancient Mexicans, will shatter the revolt. It is averred that General Aguinaldo, leading in person, fails to induce supplies—mainly rice—to come in, and that no more recruits can be obtained. Brigandage cannot prosper where a successful repressor lives on the country, also, and prevents the influx of supplies.

If the rebels are compelled to take to the mountains, the rest and best of the Island of Luzon can be worked peacefully for our reimbursement.

It is officially reckoned that, by the end of the year, we shall have 65,000 soldiers in the Philippines, being twice those now patrolling the disturbed quarters.

Perhaps the Islands will be divided into military departments, each with its general.

Through the efforts of K. Engelskjon, who enjoys the confidence of the Tagalo chiefs in Mindanao, overtures of peace have been made to General Otis at Manila.

Mindanao is almost equal in area to Luzon, being one of the two great islands of the Philippines. The Mohammedans there number 150,000, and Spain has maintained little more than nominal sovereignty.

They have suffered greatly from the inroads of the Muros, and offer to submit to the authority of the United States, on the sole condition that sufficient American garrisons be established in the island to protect them.

The people of Iloilo look and dress like the Luzon Tagalogs, but the speech is a variation of the Visayan dialects. They seem a smiling race who care little what name the masters bear. Under the supervision of the Americans, camped in the suburbs of the town, they dwell contented, though they may be at heart with the stampeded Insurrectos. Half the town is in ruins, and the other, such as is old and built in stone, is crumbling with age. The peasants walk under baskets containing market stuff for sale to the soldiers, or drive carts drawn by the *carabao* (cariboo), or water buffalo, and the ox-like *tamarau*, less tractable. These same animals are put to vehicles of pleasure. The better class of Filipinos have abandoned their pretty abodes in the suburbs, and with them has fallen into disuse the native spinning and weaving; the price has risen of the weaves they make. The river winding through the low and prolifically overgrown country is nice to regard, and the native huts of palm and cane are picturesque. But the sun is very hot and the typhoons are, like the rains, of a terrible nature.

Iloilo is reached by the steamer in some forty hours from Manila over a generally placid sea.

Within four days' steaming the island of Cebu is reached. Cebu is ringed with hills and rugged shore, with the more level land devoted to sugar and other plantations. It ought to be a great port for sending out hemp, when we set the wheels going round. The only animation is about the ships loading hemp for Europe. The harbor is good for a tropical one, being defended by a reef of sand and volcanic matter.

The people are supposed to be trustworthy; the policing of the port being confided to a native corps, who look fairly well in uniform which imposes on their tatterdemalion brethren. But the wiseacres insist upon it that they are in heart with the native cause, on the principle of the Hibernian irreconcilable who was "always ag'in' the government."

But there is little fear that the expelled insurrectionists will attack the town, where our garrison lord it tranquilly, in any force. Every night, their camp-fires are visible in the highlands, but one gets accustomed to "fire in the mountain." At the same time, even a reconnaissance has to be numerous, as a slender party would infallibly be cut down.

Here was the first Spanish settlement in the Archipelago, four hundred years old, but it has dwindled to nothing, particularly since the wealthy class migrated after the removal of the Spanish and our assuming rule.

Our officers live in a convent, while two others are still open for educating respectively girls and boys. The hospital and church are interesting from their age; the Sisters are a familiar object on the street.

Mindanao is the next largest island to Luzon, and is held to be the finest and most fruitful of our new extension. As no troops have been sent to it yet, we know little of its wealth. But foreigners are accounted more on the alert, and Englishmen and Germans are reputed to have secured valuable concessions of hard wood forests and rich mining lands. The prospectors are said to be delighted with their tests.

In Luzon, which is of similar geological formation, volcanic (and nature seems to have poured out its most deeply buried treasures from craters), our soldiers who have had Western mining experience,

declare that they will remain when their term of enlistment expires and examine the placers and pockets.

At the extreme south of the Philippines are the Sulu Islands, brought into notice by the fact of our treaty with their so-called Sultan, by which he retains his peculiar customs and habits. His "intimate life" makes his position the "Mormon problem" of the distant East.

They are Malays and strict Mohammedans, though the Spanish called them Moors (*Moros*). It is tradition that the islands were originally settled by Arabs who came over in the early Crusades; the language called "Sulu" is a mixture of Arabian and Sanscrit. They are not bad-looking, though their foreheads are low and their skins dark.

The betel-nut chewing habit prevails, and all who can afford it carry the mixture of betel and lime in a box more or less valuable from the material and the chiseling. This and the side-arms, the Malay *kriss* with its crinkly edge, are inseparable from the high Sulu; the lower order carry a spear as defense, which takes the place of the North American Indians' tomakawk, being a missile as well as a hand weapon.

Early in October, General Bates went to Maybun, the Sultan's capital, to bring about that understanding which makes him and his fierce folk neutral in our conflict with the rebels, to whom, however, from the difference of language alone, to say nothing of religion, there was no affinity. They have had nothing to do with Aguinaldo, who is too far off. The treaty is lucky, for they are a savage people who gave the Spanish no end of bloodshed and remained unconquered through it all. The Sulus obey chiefs, like the Arabs, who in turn bow to the Sultan.

They are good riders on a wiry native animal, useful as an Indian pony, and would make a desirable

cavalry auxiliary force under white officers to aid in scouring the Luzon mountains.

As the English employ Sikhs and Goorkhas, why should we not hurl these Sulus at Mr. Emilio Aguinaldo's irregulars?

Jolo is on the north side of the island, opposite Maybun, and represents the wonderful contrast in this fantastic, happy-go-lucky realm, of being well laid out and comparatively blessed with sanitary precautions.

On inquiry, it turns out that the Spanish for once made a habitable town. Under the rule of Spanish Governor Arolas, this place was built on a spit running out into the calm sea. He could not very well overrun their possession, as the warlike people objected, but he was king in his own castle. The Spanish were indeed cooped up in their walls by an amusing custom of the natives; when one of them felt that life is a burden, he was wont to go to the priest of his faith, and vow to enter into Paradise by having one or more deaths of infidels upon his conscience. This gave him the title of *Juramentado*, or One-who-has sworn (to kill).

Thereupon he would furbish his matchlock or file the creases of his kriss, that tolerable antetype of our serrated cake-knife, and go upon the hunt for unbelievers.

When their number was not to be despised, the Sultan used to remember that he had acknowledged the supremacy of Spain, and notify his brother-ruler that his perverse subjects were running a-muck.

Once, when the stock of *Juramentados* was troublesome beyond endurance, General Arolas mustered a fighting column, brushed the murderers out of his path and crossed the island where he pushed the fugitives into Maybun; storming it, he set fire to the houses where the *Juramentados* had taken ref-

uge, and left word to the Sultan what he had done, and the reason, adding that the Sultan had better be on his guard personally, as several *Spanish* lunatics were loose, who had taken a vow to kill all, and several whom they encountered who did not belong to the most Catholic Faith.

Anyway, Arolas left his best monument in a pretty and salubrious town.

It might smell sweeter, but what can you expect where there are pearl-fisheries and the flesh is allowed to rot to discover the precious globules? This industry is in the hands of the Chinese, the more of a monopoly now as the Tagalos who did attend to it, went home to Luzon at the outbreak of the insurrection against our in-coming.

As in former Australia, it was forbidden in society to hunt up a pedigree, so here, one is hushed about paternity; the Spanish used these far-off strands to dump penal-servitude victims upon; to tell the truth, many of the wretches had committed only political offenses.

Jolo will be suited to our merchants, but not Maybun until washed and cleansed, and kept so.

Our arrangement with the Sultan will defer this for the proverbial "bime-by" of pigeon English or the Spanish "to-morrow."

In the meantime he keeps his slaves under our warranty.

The extension of the Manila-Dagupan railroad, which must be accomplished in our efforts to civilize the island, will pierce the haunts of the Igorrote-Chinese, a blend of Malay pirates and Chinese freebooters not of happy augury for the strain.

Behind them, up in the mountains where the dis-banded Filipinos must retreat, and perhaps have to contend with them for the fastnesses, are the Igorotes.

They look like our own Red Indians but are described by the few adventurers who know them as less fierce. They seem a fair specimen of the noble uncontaminated savage, as the Spanish never got the mastery over them. They are brave, show some respect for their wives, and have a good idea of fair-play. The blood feud prevails, based upon the Mosaic Law.

Nearly twenty years since, they repelled General Primo de Rivera with substantial injury to him, which led to their being left undisturbed ever since. They fought on the insurgents' side, and manfully, at Caloocan and met the fire of our batteries with Zulu and Arab valor. They collect preserved heads of their foes, like the Head-hunters of the Ceylonese jungles.

They are very hostile to the Christian religion, its doctrines of peace to all men and the concomitant moralities being incomprehensible to them.

In Cayagan one, more witty than his fellows, was a prominent spokesman in venting their incredulity and repugnance to the maxims inculcated by a missionary's examples from "Lives of the Saints." He protested that no colored man was pictured in the missals and calendars. It was not precisely true, for there are black saints and even a black or African Madonna, but the missionary is said to have been silenced.

They are confirmed cattle-lifters when war is not absorbing their young men. They, too, will probably be turned against the Tagalos, like the Macabee warriors, their neighbors.

For General Funston thinks that these warlike races are inclined to bear arms on our behalf; they would be glad to serve for a trifle, say, ten dollars in silver per month. Students of the medley of races under our flag say that they would be good

soldiers if officered with our "West Pointers"; and they would create no such dislike and race-hatred as the negroes would raise.

As for the large percentage, Admiral Dewey expressed his judgment to the effect that they were better fitted for partial self-government than the native Cubans.

If any considerable force were raised in an auxiliary army, their place as cultivators could readily be supplied with *coolies*; at present, the Chinese are excluded, under the Exclusion Law, and a ship-load of them was stopped.

With the missionary for the soul should go the missionary for the body; the American smith, carpenter, wood-worker, miner and director of tillage. Then the miscalculation of our cavillers would be manifest; that we have already expended more upon our new territory than a hundred years' revenue will recoup.

The question of training our Eastern Elephant engages and divides our statesmen. The two camps are called the Imperialist or Expansionist, and the Anti-Imperialist.

On the one hand, the Government is reproached for slaughtering patriots as earnest as our forefathers in breasting the British; seizing and holding the Philippines by conquest or purchase is styled morally deplorable; like the Cubans, the Filipinos should have home rule; they are to be allowed to try a kind of government of which they can have no conception.

On the other hand, as we have seen, the military on the field want the rebellion suppressed before a reform is attempted; they affirm that, left to themselves, the Isles will fall into the hands of some foreign power intriguing in that part and going about with mouth open like the Cockney in the land where

the pigs ran ready roasted, and squeaked "Come, eat me!" or the history would be a series of ephemeral presidents, as in South America. Certainly, the Catholic priesthood see no likelihood of our quitting with the plow in the just-commenced furrow; they are to appoint an American Bishop to the See of Luzon.

Senator Platt declares that "the unavoidable consequence of Admiral Dewey's triumph was our control of the Philippines." And another senator, Lindsay, tellingly assures us that "American dominion in the Philippines will destroy none of the ends of government; will disregard no one of the inalienable rights of man; will sanctify no abuse or usurpation, but will terminate the despotism under which their people have lived for more than three hundred years." So be it!

CHAPTER XXIII.

ALL ENDS WELL WHEN TO THE KNELL OF THE MERRY WEDDING-BELL.

THE announcement, without its being undeniably authentic, that the Admiral contemplated matrimony for the second time, promptly denied, but immediately revived by Washingtonian gossips, kept the *quid-nuncs* on the alert at the Capital, and the interest in the prospect was soon general. When, therefore, the bearing of his intimate friends, and his frequent calls at Mrs. McLean's house, together with his refusal to accompany the Presidential party on its electioneering tour (particularly directed against Mr. McLean, candidate for the governorship of Ohio, being Mrs. McLean's son) all seemed to confirm the report, no one was astonished at hearing

that the marriage had taken place, most strictly private, with only a witness or two.

It was bruited on the 7th of November that Lieutenant Caldwell, Dewey's friend, secretary and trusted factotum, had been seen around and about in a state of perturbation which no ordinary impetus could have thrown one into who had shared the Spanish missiles at the Battle of Manila Bay.

Indeed, it was discovered that he had been to the court to procure a marriage license.

The bride, it was no wonder, was to be Mrs. Hazen, daughter of Mrs. McLean, as before related.

The license was No. 9316, which those who pretend to prophesy from numbers, pronounced fortunate: there are three and its multiples galore; there is a nine, that is, three threes, in the sum; on the whole, satisfactory.

When and where was the ceremony to be performed?

Those who knew that Mrs. Hazen had been already worried by all who sprang into activity at the first mention of her name coupled with the hero's, said that she meant to cut short the notoriety, the rush of newspaper reporters, the swarms of curiosity-seekers who came to stare at her mother's house and the one which the Nation had presented to her future husband.

Out of public sight, her health and peace would no longer suffer.

All the parties concerned, with their adherents, had been making odd and hap-hazard journeys hither and thither, their abodes were bombarded with telegrams and letters; florists' messengers were watched to see where a more than usually monstrous bouquet was left; in short, Paul Pry was the god of the day.

More than all, Admiral Dewey had become eclipsed, he who, instead of calling a cab, took to plain walk-

ing about the streets, so that he was setting an example of the English "constitutional."

Nevertheless, those who esteemed themselves bosom friends were almost in tears, and hanging around the back stairs had availed nothing, since the servants merely looked wise and the Admiral's Mongolian domestic is impenetrable, like "John," when he has a secret.

The ladies vented their vexation by declaring that Mrs. Dewey-to-be would not receive any presents, for not making the affair one of those functions in which the society tabbies delight.

On the other hand, the men laughed their own disappointment off. They said that the mystification was worthy one who had hoaxed the Spanish and, eke, the wily Filipinos; at the same time that they almost acquitted him of the jugglery, saying that the lady was roguish and was the source of the deception.

However, since the marriage was now settled, the place must be the bride's mother's, unless a grander scene was found.

After all, that well-known mansion was suitable. It was built by Alexander Shepard, sometime Governor of the District of Columbia; for a long period the Russian Embassy tenanted it and its galas were famous: several years ago, Mrs. McLean became the owner. In her widowhood, her daughter resided with her; and after the loss of her son, it lost its splendor which was only just being restored.

Therefore, it was before and in the neighborhood of this residence that the throng collected, commenting on the movements of the household, relating what had occurred, and suggesting what might follow.

It was said that Lieutenant Caldwell, after securing the license, had conferred with the pastor of Mrs. Hazen's church. Several years ago, the lady became

a Roman Catholic, and only the day before, her going where she had a pew and was a regular attendant, was construed into her bidding the Rev. Father Mackin to clear away obstacles from the rest of the path thus opened to the altar.

Indeed, whether prompted by Lieutenant Caldwell or his parishioner, the priest had run over to Baltimore to procure a dispensation from the matrimonial *Curia* there, since the Admiral was not of the same church as his selected one, but a Presbyterian.

Cardinal Gibbons was in the South, traveling to New Orleans, and the seal and signature is that of his vicar-general, Bishop Curtis. Thus fortified, the pastor of St. Paul's hurried back to his church.

So veiled had all these actions been, that, even to his assistants, Father Foley, and a young priest, Father Hurburt, called in to his aid, no word was breathed of the persons to be united.

From New York, had come the intelligence to the initiated, that the lady's trousseau was in preparation there.

It was added that the dressmaker was flurried excessively by the patronage, and had said to the Admiral, who had shaken hands with her, that she had never had a greater honor paid her and did not expect the like to occur again. Poor woman, not being strong, the exertion of getting the work done in time, precipitated her death, which the superstitious foolishly termed a "hoodoo."

A circumstance as little affecting the person chiefly concerned, as the fatality attending the artists engaged on the Dewey Memorial!

The crowd lingering at the McLean mansion, saw the ladies, the hostess, and her two daughters, go out in their carriage, all the world as if for "the appetizer" before lunch, and thought they were deceived once again.

But, at the same time, a carriage had left Dewey's residence, bearing him and Lieutenant Caldwell, and these vehicles had the same destination—the modest and unpretentious Church of St. Paul.

A little before ten in the morning, the first carriage drew up there ; it was the gentlemen's. There was not a single bystander ; in nautical phraseology, the coast was clear !

For a few minutes, the bridegroom remained in his coach, in the best of spirits, though he might have been supposed impatient ; but very soon, before the hour, another carriage was driven up, and the gentlemen, alighting, hastened to hand out the three ladies.

They all passed into the plain, simply-furnished rectory, as the difference in creed of the parties compelled them to be united aside from the sanctuary.

None of the ladies carried flowers ; the only floral decorations there was a bunch of white and yellow chrysanthemums, in a vase in the center of the sitting-room table ; prominent among the other decorative fixtures, was a portrait of the present Pope, given to the rector in the Vatican during a visit to Rome.

The priest and his two assistants were in plain black cassocks.

They were presented to the bridegroom and his "second." The former wore the American conventional morning dress for this occasion ; black coat, gray striped trousers and patent-leather shoes ; his hat was the high silk one in vogue. The lieutenant was similarly garbed. Neither wore gloves, according to the latest English regulation.

The mother and the sister of the bride were attired in black from head to foot. The queen of the happy proceedings wore half-mourning : a long stylish black wrap cloak trimmed with silver fox and lined with lavender silk, but laid aside during the actual cere-

mony. The robe was a "dead" color, in brocade, called "ashes of roses," trimmed with silk fringe and rare old lace; on one side a panel, and ruffles around the yoke; an over-skirt "effect" was due to a lace garniture; the New York martyr to Fashion had done her work deftly, although the viewers were so limited in number. It was not unworthy a cathedral wedding. Her gloves were white, and the silk looked almost snowy.

If the costumes, after our depressing Anglo-Saxon mode, were rather lugubrious, the solemnity did not prevent a shimmer of felicity exhaling which alleviated the superficial aspect.

The forms of uniting two varying in creed are very brief; in five minutes all the words were uttered.

Previously the priest had spoken this address:

"Before pronouncing the solemn words which will bind you forever together it may be well to forget for a moment the things that are around us and to look upward. We are the children of God and we have a right to call upon Him in joy and in sorrow. We need His help in both extremes and never more than now, for although the promises you are about to make are easily made and the work of a moment, their fulfilment is the work of a lifetime.

"We call upon God to witness and to bless this union of which He is the author and which He has made sacred. No matter how generous and devoted you may be to each other, there are in every life moments of trial when we, in our weakness, need the help that comes from above, and this help will be given in its fulness in return for the faithful fulfilment of our obligation.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

"The higher your position in life, the more incumbent upon you is the faithful fulfilment of your

obligation and the more rigorous the accounts that will be exacted. The neglect of these obligations will cast its shadow upon eternity.

"But this hour, we hope, marks the beginning of a career which will make you wiser, better and more useful to your fellow creatures in this life and the life beyond it, and when death at last shall break the link which binds you, as death alone can break it, may that last hour find the two hands as fondly clasped and the two hearts as closely joined as they are to-day, and may the joys of this life be a foretaste of the joys that are to come."

After the final sentence was pronounced, the Benedict leaned forward and kissed his prize, whereupon the congratulations inundated both the blushing ones.

The worthy Father was gallant—he took Mrs. Dewey's extended hand and remarked that he was to be the first one to congratulate her in her new name.

The strain over, there was a little more in a lighter key.

Before studying for the priesthood, Father Mackin had been a seaman on a packet plying between Washington, or Baltimore, and England. He had run away from home to do that; but, on repenting, he had returned to his books.

"It was on finding that it is not given to every one to rise to an Admiralship," continued he, wittily, "I dropped over the side upon the hassock!"

Dewey declared he was very glad that he had been married by a sea-farer.

It was now the bride's turn to show her native good spirits.

"By the way, Father Mackin," said she, with pretty, pretended severity, "you wrote me last summer that my pew was growing musty from disuse. You will have to change the word now from musty to *Mil. Dewey!*"

Hence it was that the gentleman and ladies left the priests smiling, and carried away laughter with them into their carriages.

Back rolled the two vehicles, this time with the identical destination: Mrs. McLean's, where the breakfast was waiting.

There were no other *invités* waiting, though.

In repartee to a quip that the couple had been in great haste over this marriage, the Admiral quietly replied that the engagement had been formed before he departed for Manila! This renewed the merriment at the table, decorated with Bride roses.

After an hour, and a change into traveling dress, the happy pair were driven to the Pennsylvania R. R. Station, where they took the midday train for New York.

Secretary Long saw them off and added his felicitations. There was no demonstration, as few people were about, and those who recognized the illustrious passenger politely refrained from that noisy greeting of which the Victor of Manila had undergone an excess.

We can best conclude our history with these lines of good wishes, which appear like the united outburst of the great naval hero's innumerable admirers:

"To the gallant Admiral and the charming woman whom he has this day taken for his bride the American people will join in a mighty chorus of congratulation and good wishes. The great sea warrior has won his most glorious victory and his lovely consort her proudest conquest. If their lives are as happy as their countrymen shall wish, their future course will be over placid seas with fair winds and to a haven unshadowed by a cloud."

THE END.

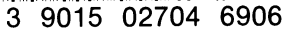


**THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
GRADUATE LIBRARY**

DATE DUE

--	--	--

124

[illegible]

